

The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Literature, Society, and Art.

No. 114.—Vol. V.

New York, March 30, 1867.

Price: \$6 a Year, in Advance
Single Copies, 15 Cents

Contents of No. CXIV.

The South and its Leader,	195	The New York Stage,	201
The New Court-House,	195	The Restoration of Belief,	202
All Fools' Day,	196	The Initiative,	203
When Women Vote,	196	The Diamond Cross,	203
Mr. Bergh, Mr. Barnum, and the Box,	196	The Indigestives,	203
Religion for the Poor,	197	The Christian Hymnal,	203
Fashion and Beauty Spots,	197	The Science and Practice of Medicine,	203
Book-making in America,	199	The Last Days of Our Saviour,	203
PHYSIOLOGICAL GASTRONOMY:		The Silence of Scripture,	204
III. Respecting Fish,	199	The Good Report,	204
CORRESPONDENCE:		On the Action of Medicine in the System,	204
London,	200	BOOKS RECEIVED,	204
REVIEWS:		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Studies in English,	200	Criticisms on Shakespeare,	204
		LITERARIANA,	205

TO REMOVE THE IMPRESSION THAT JEWELRY AND SILVER-WARE CANNOT
BE BOUGHT IN BROADWAY AS LOW AS ELSEWHERE, WE INVITE PURCHASERS
TO EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

ALL OUR GOODS ARE NEW, AND NOTHING OF AN INFERIOR QUALITY WILL
BE FOUND IN OUR ESTABLISHMENT.

HOWARD & CO.,

619 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE HUGUENOT CALLEY-SLAVE:

Being the Autobiography of a French Protestant condemned to the Gallies for the sake of his religion. Translated from the French of JEAN MARTELHE. 12mo, \$1 50.

"One of the most striking narratives known to literature."—*N. Y. Christian Intelligencer*.
"The authenticity of the touching and deeply interesting narrative of Jean Martelhe seems to be indisputable."—*Round Table*.
"As interesting as any novel, and as thoroughly religious as any professedly religious work. In whatever light it may be regarded it is a delightful book."—*New York Citizen*.
"As interesting as Robinson Crusoe."—*Boston Commonwealth*.
"A beautiful and noble work."—*Boston Transcript*.
"As soon as the contents of the book are known its circulation will exceed that of the most popular novel of the season. Open the book where you will, and it is almost impossible to lay it down again. Records like these do honor to religion and to humanity."—*London Reader*.

THE JOURNAL OF MAURICE DE GUERIN.

With an Essay by MATTHEW ARNOLD and a Memoir by SAINT-BEUVE. Translated by E. THORNTON FISHER. 12mo, \$1 25.

"The Journal of Maurice De Guérin presents a singular and lovely picture; it is made up of the most secret and sacred confidences of a man whose character and genius were peculiar and lofty."—*Round Table*.
"He has written pages which will live as long as his language."—*Nation*.
"His descriptions are pictures, his thoughts passions, his affections music."—*Liberal Christian*.

King Rene's Daughter. \$1 25.

Poems. By ROBERT K. WEEKS. \$1 25.

Faith Unwin's Ordeal. By GEORGINA M. CHAIN, author of Lost and Won. \$1 25.

"Two novels worth reading."—*Nation*.

Who Breaks—Pays. Skirmishing.

Third edition now ready. Price \$1 25 each.

Copies of any of the above by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT,

451 Broome Street, New York.

DAVID G. FRANCIS

(FORMERLY C. S. FRANCIS & Co.),

DEALER IN NEW AND OLD BOOKS,

506 BROADWAY (OP STAIRS).

Priced catalogues of books in stock issued from time to time and will be forwarded free to any address.

Orders for any obtainable books promptly filled.

Braithwaite's Retrospect.—Several Complete Sets comprising Parts 1 to 36, inclusive, for sale cheap.

Apply to

C. E. HOPKINS, 113 William Street.

KNICKERBOCKER

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF THE

CITY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE, 161 BROADWAY.

Assets, 1867, \$2,000,000

ERASTUS LYMAN, President.

B. F. JOHNSON, Vice-President.

GEORGE F. SNIFFEN, Secretary.

H. LASSING, Manager of Agencies.

GEO. T. SHIPLEY, M.D., Medical Examiner.

GRAY'S BOTANICAL SERIES.

BY ASA GRAY, M.D.,

Fisher Professor of Natural Science in Harvard University.

This series forms the most full, scholarly, and attractive apparatus for the study of Botany to be found in the language. For comprehensiveness of scope, exactness and clearness of description, accurate and scientific analysis of plants, and beauty of illustration, they have no equal.

How Plants Grow. A Botany for Beginners. 500 cuts.

Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology. Illustrated by 360 drawings.

Lessons and Manual, WITH GARDEN BOTANY, in one volume.

The Manual Illustrated; containing the Mosses and Liverworts, with beautiful lithographic drawings.

Structural and Systematic Botany: A Revised edition of The Botanical Text Book, with 1,300 cuts.

Flora of the Southern United States. By A. W. CHAPMAN, M.D. 1 vol., 630 pages.

These books are strongly endorsed by Profs. Agassiz, Stillman, Torrey, and Henry, of this country, and by Drs. Lindley, Hooker, and other distinguished Botanists in Europe.

Teachers and School Officers are invited to correspond with us freely, and to send for our Descriptive Catalogue and Circular, which will be promptly sent on application.

Address the publishers,

IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & CO.,

47 and 49 Greene Street, New York.

WIDDLETON'S EDITIONS

OF

CHOICE STANDARD WORKS.

CHARLES LAMB'S WORKS.

The Complete Works of "The Gentle Elia," corrected and revised, with a sketch of his life, by Thomas Noon Talford, and a fine steel portrait.

This is the most complete, and a very elegant edition of Lamb. Printed in large clear type, on choice tinted paper—5 vols. crown 8vo, cloth, cut or uncut edges, \$11 25; half calf or half turkey morocco, \$20. Each set of books in a box.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. A new edition, on tinted paper. In 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, cut or uncut edges, \$2 25; half calf, or half turkey morocco, \$4.

Lamb's Elia. Containing the hitherto uncollected Writings of Charles Lamb. In 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, cut or uncut edges, \$2 25; half calf or half turkey morocco, \$4.

"This gentle Lamb—heaven be praised for ordaining him the fittest, as it is the sweetest, of names!—was one whose daily life grew more beautiful as one came nearer to it and measured it more carefully.

"The world will be much older than it is yet before an intelligent man or woman can be pardoned for asking, 'Who was Charles Lamb?' And yet, because we know him so well, we are the more willing to know him better; we cannot learn so much as to be content not to know more. There is no healthier sign of a sound literary taste than this tender attachment for such a writer as Lamb. These dainty, exquisite pages—of which nothing too good can be said, and for which book-lovers cannot too heartily thank the conscientious publisher—breathe a sweetness, a fragrance, as fine as the breezes of May, and as good for the impatient soul."—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

For sale at principal Bookstores throughout the country, and mailed by Publisher on receipt of price.

W. J. WIDDLETON, Publisher,

17 Mercer Street, New York.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

TWO NEW EDITIONS.

LARGE AND CLEAR TYPE.

SAVE YOUR EYES.

WAIT AND GET THE BEST.

Messrs. HURD & HOUGHTON,

NEW YORK,

HAVE NEARLY READY:

I.

THE RIVERSIDE EDITION OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS,

complete in 26 crown 8vo vols., containing all the illustrations from the English and American editions, including designs by PHIZ, CRAIKSHANK, MILLAIS, MARCUS STONE, GILBERT, DARLEY, and others, newly engraved on steel.

Price per vol., each containing about 27 full-page steel engravings and bound in extra cloth, \$2 50.

Nearly ready, OLIVER TWIST, in 1 vol.

Subscribers invited to send in their names to the publishers at once.

II.

THE GLOBE EDITION OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS,

complete in 13 vols. 16mo, printed in large type on fine paper, containing the illustrations of GILBERT and DARLEY.

Price per vol., each containing 4 steel engravings and bound in extra cloth, \$1 50.

Nearly ready, NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, in 1 vol.

Subscribers invited to send in their names to the publishers at once.

Messrs. HURD & HOUGHTON also publish:

III.

THE HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS,

complete in 53 vols. 16mo, illustrated by DARLEY and GILBERT. This edition is an established favorite of the public.

Price per vol. in extra cloth, \$1 25

Price per vol. in half calf, gilt, 2 50

For sale by all Booksellers.

Steam to Liverpool, calling at Queenstown (Ireland).

The Inman Line, sailing twice a week, carrying U. S. Mails,

EVERY SATURDAY,

EVERY WEDNESDAY,

FROM PIER 45, NORTH RIVER.

RATES OF PASSAGE, PAYABLE IN CURRENCY,

BY THE MAIL STEAMERS SAILING EVERY SATURDAY.

Payable in Gold.

Payable in Currency.

FIRST CABIN, \$110 STEERAGE, \$30
to London, 115 to London, 35
to Paris, 125 to Paris, 45

Passage by the Wednesday Steamers—First Cabin, \$110; Steerage, \$35—payable in Currency.

Passengers also forwarded to Havre, Hamburg, Bremen, etc., at moderate rates.

Steerage passage from Liverpool or Queenstown, \$45.

Tickets can be bought here by persons sending for their friends. For further information apply at the Company's Offices.

J. C. DALE, Agent,

15 Broadway, New York.

ANY BOOK IN THIS LIST WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, FREE OF POSTAGE, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

"GOOD BOOKS FOR ALL."

A LIST OF WORKS BY

FOWLER & WELLS,

389 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

This List embraces most of our Books, except Medical Works, contained in our "SPECIAL LIST," and on PHOTOGRAPHY, which are given in separate Catalogues, sent on receipt of stamp. Copies of these works sent by return post, on receipt of price, to any address.

PHYSIOGNOMY AND PHRENOLOGY.

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY; OR, SIGNS OF CHARACTER. As manifested by Temperament and External Form, and especially in the Human Face Divine, with more than 1,000 illustrations. By S. R. Wells, Editor Phrenological Journal. In one large volume handsomely bound. In muslin, \$5; heavy calf, with marbled edges, elegant, \$8; Turkey morocco, full gilt, splendid, \$10. A splendid work for Agents.

THE TREATISE OF MR. WELLS, which is admirably printed and profusely illustrated, is probably the most complete Hand-Book upon the subject in the language. — *New York Tribune.*

NEW ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY FOR 1867, with Baseline, its Cause and Cure. By S. R. Wells. 50 cents.

PHRENE'S LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY. A complete course, with engravings. By George Combe. In muslin, \$1 75.

COMBE'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY; OR, THE DUTIES OF MAN. New edition, revised and enlarged. By Combe. \$1 75.

COMBE'S SYSTEM OF PHRENOLOGY. With illustrations. 50 cents.

A CHART FOR RECORDING VARIOUS DEVELOPMENTS. Designed for Phrenologists. Illustrated. 10 cents.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN. By Geo. Combe. Authorized edition. Illustrations. A great work. \$1 75.

DEFENCE OF PHRENOLOGY. Arguments and Testimony, with functions of the Cerebrum. By Andrew Boardman. \$1 50.

THOUGHTS ON DOMESTIC LIFE, ITS CONCORD AND DISCORD. Free Love exposed. By N. Mizer. 35 cents.

EDUCATION COMPLETE. Embracing Physiology, Animal and Mental, Self-Culture, and Memory. One volume. By Fowler. 50 cents.

EDUCATION, FOUNDED ON THE NATURE OF MAN. By Dr. Murchison. Appendix, etc. By S. R. Wells. Muslin, \$1 50.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CHART OF PHYSIOGNOMY, in map form, for framing. Just published. By S. R. Wells. 25 cents.

MATHIMONY; OR, PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY APPLIED TO THE SELECTION OF CONGENIAL COMPANIONS FOR LIFE. 50 cents.

MEMORY, ITS CULTURE AND INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT. Applied to Self-Education. Read it. \$1 50.

LECTURES ON MENTAL SCIENCE, according to the Philosophy of Phrenology. By the Rev. G. B. Weaver. A good thing. Muslin, \$1 50.

PHRENOLOGY PROVED, ILLUSTRATED, AND APPLIED. Thirty-seventh edition. A standard work on the Science. Muslin, \$1 75.

PHRENOLOGY AND THE SCRIPTURES. Harmony of Science and Revelation. By the Rev. John Pierpont. 25 cents.

PHRENOLOGICAL GUIDE. Designed for the use of Students. 25 cents.

PHRENOLOGICAL BUST. Designed especially for Learners, showing the exact location of all the Organs of the Brain fully developed. Price, including box for packing (not mailable, may go by express), \$1 75.

SPURZHEIM'S PHRENOLOGY; OR, THE DOCTRINE OF THE MENTAL PHENOMENA. A great work. \$5.

SELF-CULTURE AND PERFECTION OF CHARACTER. \$1 50.

SELF-INSTRUCTOR IN PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY. Illustrated with one hundred engravings. Paper, 50 cents; muslin, 75 cents.

A MIRROR OF THE MIND, OR, YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR LIKENESS. For particulars how to have pictures taken, enclose a stamp or a prepaid envelope, addressed to yourself for answer, to FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

ON PHYSIOLOGY AND HEALTH.

ANATOMICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL PLATES. These Plates were arranged expressly for Lecturers on Health, Physiology, etc. By R. T. Trail, M.D. They are six in number, representing the normal position and life-size of all the internal viscera, magnified illustrations of the organs of the special senses, and a view of the principal nerves, arteries, veins, muscles, etc. For popular instruction for families, schools, and for professional reference, they will be found far superior to anything of the kind heretofore published, as they are more complete and perfect in artistic design and finish. Price for the set, fully colored, backed and mounted on rollers, sent by express (not mailable), \$20.

ALCOHOLIC CONTROVERSY. A Review of The Westminster Review on the Physiological Errors of Teetotalism. By Dr. Trail. 50 cents.

COMBE'S PHYSIOLOGY, applied to the improvement of Mental and Physical Education. With notes and illustrations. Muslin, \$1 75.

PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION. The Principles of Dietetics. With engravings. By Dr. Combe. 50 cents.

FAMILY GYMNASIUM. With numerous illustrations. Containing the most important method of applying Gymnastic, Calisthenic, Kinesiotherapeutic, and Vocal Exercises to the development of the bodily organs, the invigoration of their functions, the preservation of health, and the cure of diseases and deformities. By R. T. Trail, M.D. \$1 75.

THE STORY OF A STOMACH. By a Reformed Dyspeptic. Just published. Paper, 50 cents; muslin, 75 cents.

FAMILY DENTIST, A POPULAR TREATISE ON THE TEETH. Treatment and Preservation. By D. C. Warner, M.D. \$1 50.

FOOD AND DIET. Containing an analysis of every kind of Food and Drink. By Dr. J. Pereira. Edited by Dr. C. A. Lee. 50 cents.

FRUITS AND FARINACEA, THE PROPER FOOD OF MAN. With notes and engravings. Muslin, \$1 75.

HUMAN VOICE, ITS RIGHT MANAGEMENT IN SPEAKING AND READING. 50 cents.

HEREDITARY DESCENT, ITS LAWS AND FACTS APPLIED TO HUMAN IMPROVEMENT. \$1 50.

INFANCY; OR, THE PHYSIOLOGICAL AND MORAL MANAGEMENT

OF CHILDREN. Dr. Combe. Illustrated. A good work. Muslin, \$1 50.

NATURAL LAWS OF MAN, A PHILOSOPHICAL WORK. By Dr. Spurzheim. Excellent. 15 cents.

PHILOSOPHY OF SACRED HISTORY, considered in relation to Human Allegory and the Wines of Scripture. By Sylvester Graham. \$5 50.

PHYSIOLOGY, ANIMAL AND MENTAL, applied to Health of Body and Power of Mind. Muslin, \$1 50.

SOBER AND TEMPERATE LIFE. With Notes and Illustrations by Louis George. A capital work. 50 cents.

HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. The New Illustrated. A Complete System of Hydrotherapy and Hygiene, embracing Anatomy, Physiology of the Human Body; Hygienic Agencies and the Preservation of Health; Dietetics and Cookery; Theory and Practice of Treatment; Special Pathology and Hydro-Therapeutics, including the Nature, Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of all known Diseases; Application to Surgical Diseases and to Hydrotherapy, to Midwifery and the Surgery. With Three Hundred Engravings and nearly One Thousand Pages, including a Glossary, Table of Contents, and Index complete. By R. T. Trail, M.D. \$4 50.

Of all the numerous publications which have attained such a wide popularity, as issued by Fowler & Wells, perhaps none are more adapted to general utility than this rich, comprehensive, and well arranged Encyclopedia. — *New York Tribune.*

CHILDREN, THEIR HYDROPATHIC MANAGEMENT IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By Dr. Shaw. \$1 75.

CONSUMPTION, ITS CAUSES, PREVENTION, AND CURE. By Dr. Shaw. Muslin, \$1 50.

COOK-BOOK, HYDROPATHIC. With New Recipes. What to Eat and how to Cook It. Illustrated. By Dr. Trail. \$1 50.

DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS, including Diphtheria. Right treatment. By Dr. Trail. 35 cents.

DOMESTIC PRACTICE OF HYDROPATHY, with fifteen engraved illustrations of important subjects. By E. Johnson, M.D. \$2.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN, HYDROPATHIC. By Dr. Shaw. A large and valuable work for home practice. Profusely illustrated. \$4.

HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE. With observations on Drugs, Diet, Air, and Exercises. Notes by Dr. Trail. \$1 50.

MIDWIFERY AND THE DISEASES OF WOMEN. A practical work. By Dr. Shaw. \$1 75.

PHILOSOPHY OF WATER-CURE. By J. Balbirnie, M.D. A work for beginners. 50 cents.

PRACTICE OF WATER-CURE. By Drs. Wilson and Gully. A handy popular work. 50 cents.

WATER-CURE IN CHRONIC DISEASES; an exposition of the Causes, Progress, and Termination of various Chronic Diseases. By Dr. J. M. Gully. An important work. \$2.

WATER-CURE IN EVERY KNOWN DISEASE. Rausse. \$1 50.

WATER-CURE MANUAL. A Popular Work on Hydrotherapy. \$1 50.

THE SCIENCE OF HUMAN LIFE. By Sylvester Graham, M.D. With Biographical sketch of the author. \$3 50.

A SPECIAL LIST.—We have, in addition to the above, a catalogue of 70 or more Private Medical Works and Treatises on subjects which, although not adapted to general circulation, are invaluable to those who need them. Parents, or those expecting to become such, should have it. This Special List will be sent on prepaid application.

VALUABLE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

AIMS AND AIDS FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN. By the Rev. G. S. Weaver. A gift book for all seasons. \$1 25.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. People's pictorial edition. Illustrated. \$1.

CHEMISTRY, applied to Physiology, Agriculture, Commerce. 50 cents.

FRUIT CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, HAND-BOOK FOR THE CULTIVATION AND MANAGEMENT OF FRUIT TREES. Illustrated with ninety engravings. By Thomas Gregg. Muslin, \$1.

HUMAN RIGHTS AND THEIR POLITICAL GUARANTEES. By Judge E. P. Hurlbut. A capital work. \$1 50.

A HOME FOR ALL. The Gravel or Concrete Wall, a new, cheap, and superior mode of building, with Engravings, Plans, Views, etc. \$1 50.

HOPES AND HELPS FOR THE YOUNG OF BOTH SEXES. By the Rev. G. S. Weaver. An excellent work. Muslin, \$1 50.

HORACE MANN'S WORKS, his Lectures on various subjects, comprising many of his best addresses, with portrait. \$3.

IMMORTALITY TRIUMPHANT. The Existence of a God, with the Evidence. By J. B. Dods. Muslin, \$1 50.

MOVEMENT CURE. Embracing the History and Philosophy of this System of Medical Treatment. By G. H. Taylor, M.D. \$1 75.

PHYSICAL PERFECTION; OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN BEAUTY. Showing how to acquire and retain bodily symmetry, health, vigor, long life, and avoid the infirmities and deformities of age. \$1 75.

SAVING AND WANTING; OR, DOMESTIC ECONOMY ILLUSTRATED. Including a Dime a Day. By Helen Robinson. \$1 50.

THREE HOURS' SCHOOL A DAY. For Parents and Teachers. \$1 50.

THE CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD; embracing the Christian Home—Husband, Wife, Father, Mother, Child, Brother, and Sister. \$1.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE; A Pocket Dictionary of Synonyms, Technical Terms, Abbreviations, Phrases, etc. \$1.

WAYS OF LIFE, THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG WAY. By the Rev. G. S. Weaver. A capital work. Muslin, \$1.

WEAVER'S WORKS FOR THE YOUNG; comprising "Hopes and Helps," "Aims and Aids," and "Ways of Life." One vol., \$3.

NOTES ON BEAUTY, VIGOR, AND DEVELOPMENT. 10 cents.

FATHER MATTHEW, THE TEMPERANCE APOSTLE—Portrait, Character, and Biography. By S. R. Wells. 15 cents.

INDISPENSABLE HAND-BOOKS.

THE NEW HAND-BOOK; comprising "How to Write," "How to Talk," "How to Behave," and "How to do Business." Bound in one large volume. Indispensable. \$2 50. A capital book for Agents.

THE HAT MARYALS; comprising "The House," "The Farm," "The Garden," and "Domestic Animals." In one large vol., \$2 50.

LIBRARY OF MESMERISM AND PSYCHOLOGY; the Philosophy of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Mental Electricity; Fascination, or the Power of Charming; the Macrocosm, or the World of Sense; Electrical Psychology, the Doctrine of Impressions; the Science of the Soul, treated Physiologically and Philosophically. With instruction. Complete in 3 illustrated vols. Real work on the subject. \$4.

THE EMPHATIC DIAGNOSTIC; or, THE NEW TESTAMENT IN GREEK AND ENGLISH; with a Literal Interlinear Translation, and a new version in English. An interesting and valuable work. Approved by the clergy. In plain binding, \$4; in fine binding, half calf, \$5.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED,

For 1867. S. R. Wells, Editor.

Devoted to Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, Psychology, Sociology, Education, Art, Literature, with measures to reform, elevate, and improve Mankind Physically, Mentally, and Spiritually.

THE STUDY AND IMPROVEMENT OF MAN IN ALL HIS RELATIONS.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN, including the Manners, Customs, Religions, and Modes of Life in different Families and Tribes.

PHYSIOLOGY, the Laws of Life and Health, including Dietetics, Exercise, Sleep, Study, Bodily Growth, etc., will be presented.

PHRENOLOGY.—The Brain and its Functions, the Temperaments, Location of the Organs, Choice of Pursuits, etc., given.

PHYSIOGNOMY; or, The Human Face Divine, with Signs of Character, and How to Read Them scientifically.

THE HUMAN SOUL.—Psychology. Its Nature, Office, and Condition in Life and Death; Man's Spiritual State in the Here and in the Hereafter. Very interesting and important.

BIOGRAPHY.—In connection with Portraits and Practical Definitions of Character of our most distinguished men.

MARRIAGE forms a part of the life of every well organized human being. The elements of love are inborn. The objects of marriage stated. All young people require instruction and direction in the selection of suitable life-companions. Phrenology throws light on the subject.

THE CHOICE OF PURSUITS.—How to select a pursuit to which a person is best adapted: Law, Medicine, Divinity, Invention, Mechanics, Agriculture, Manufacturing, Commerce, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Churches, Schools, Prisons, Asylums, Hospitals, Reformatories, etc., described, with Modes of Worship, Education, Training, and Treatment, given in the new volume of THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED FOR 1867.

TERMS.—A New Volume, the 45th, commenced January. Published monthly, at \$2 a year. Sample numbers by first post, 20 cents. Please address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

SEE WHAT THEY SAY.—"Few works will better repay perusal in the family than this rich storehouse of instruction and entertainment, which never fails to illustrate the practical philosophy of life, with its lively expositions, appropriate anecdotes, and agreeable sketches of distinguished individuals." — *New York Tribune.*

"Its typographical appearance is neat, and each number is profusely illustrated. This Magazine, now ably edited by Mr. S. R. Wells, has steadily grown in public favor, and its counsels on subjects pertaining to health, education, and physical culture are sound, timely, and emphatic. It was among the earliest journals in this country to discuss these subjects in a popular and convincing manner, and in addition to its speciality of Phrenology, it contains a great deal of curious and interesting matter." — *N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There are few periodicals more truly valuable as household companions than this. We always find it readable throughout, and always up to a high standard of instructive family literature. The specialties are health and education, and on these topics its editorials and selections are unrivalled." — *Whetling Intelligencer.*

"A periodical which more, perhaps, than any other publication in the world, is calculated to do good to its readers—to promote their physical, moral, and intellectual health—to point out the dangers and temptations of life, and indicate the remedy for any evils that may have already been entailed. Alive, progressive, practical, fully up to if not in advance of the times in every respect, this monthly is working incalculable good, exerting its influence even upon those unaware of its existence. It ought to have a place in every family, and, once having gained a foothold, its maintenance of it is sure." — *Trenton Monitor.*

May be ordered from all Newsmen, or from the publishers.

Besides the foregoing, FOWLER & WELLS have Hand-Books on PHRENOLOGY, HYDROPATHY, PHYSIOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, MECHANISM, PHOTOGRAPHY, ANATOMY, MEDICINE, AGRICULTURE, EDUCATION, Etc.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE UNION,

IN A LETTER TO

HON. E. S. MORGAN, U. S. SENATOR,

FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

Price 50 cents.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

DAMAGED BOOKS.

\$35,000 WORTH OF BOOKS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

LEGGATT BROTHERS,

115 Nassau Street, below Beekman.

25 Cents to Save 25 Dollars.—HEGEMAN'S BENZINE instantly removes Paint and Grease Spots and cleans Gloves, Silks, Ribbons, etc., equal to new. Sold by Druggists.

A Gentleman of Experience in the Editing and Management of Daily Newspapers, a graduate of Yale College, desires to make an engagement in the capacity of Editor. Refers, by permission, to the Editors of THE ROUND TABLE. Address "G." Office of THE ROUND TABLE.

Chapped Hands and Face, Sore Lips, etc., cured at once by the use of HEGEMAN'S CAMPHOR ICE WITH Glycerine; keeps the hands soft in the coldest weather. See that you get the Genuine. Sold by Druggists.

The Editors are happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but they cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will they hold interviews or correspondence respecting them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

THE SOUTH AND ITS LEADER.

THE Ides of March have come and gone, and with them two long years have rolled away since that southern banner which had been raised with such desperate enthusiasm and fought for with such magnificent valor was elated to its staff and lowered for ever in the valley of Virginia. It well becomes the conquerors, as the echoes of battle die away, as the angry smoke fades into peaceful ether, as time passes a soothing hand over the bitter passions which gave fury to the struggle, to render manly justice to the unflinching courage, the undaunted perseverance that have endowed their own triumph with its brilliant lustre and brought imperishable renown to the American military name. In such a case to underrate the prowess of the vanquished is to soil the laurel of the victors; to ascribe to them an insincere or contemptible animus is to degrade the importance of subduing it; to tarnish the memory of their slain is to sully the escutcheon of the brave who overthrew them; and to treat with selfishness or contempt the disarmed and helpless survivors is utterly unworthy of a civilized, powerful, and triumphant people.

The American nation is in serious danger at this moment of losing by a narrow and short-sighted policy in peace the towering reputation for greatness and heroism it lately acquired by a colossal achievement in arms. Two years ago we should scarcely ourselves have believed that the present time would have found us occupying so ungenerous an attitude toward our subjugated brethren. We would not have believed that, fighting as we avowed for liberty, sacrificing our children in hecatombs for the sublime cause of human enfranchisement and equal rights, we should find ourselves to-day proceeding to rule a gallant and half-ruined people by a system which if not a positively unmitigated despotism requires the acutest sophistry of its apologists to prove it otherwise. It may be well and reasonably urged that immediately after the surrender of the southern armies and for some time following the difficulties of the situation and the uncertain perils of the future justified a resort to exceptional, precautionary, and stringent measures; but there is a wide, a vital difference between temporary expedient and permanent policy. We are running now from months into years. We are endeavoring to do under a republic what has been tried and proved to be a failure under absolute monarchs. The great question is, first, whether necessity justifies our course, and secondly, whether experience warrants the expectation of its proving a safe, salutary, and successful one.

We do not believe that an affirmative reply can fairly be given; and, acknowledging the utility as well as the inevitability of great differences of opinion, having watched with solicitude the currents of Northern sentiment respecting the South, we feel bound to record a conviction which may prove locally unpopular but which is assuredly a conscientious one. We are treating the South ill. We are permitting the claims of a party to take precedence in our hearts over the interests of the nation. We are sustaining in behalf of the projects of partisan leaders a line of conduct which is impolitic, oppressive, and incapable of being persisted in without bringing reactive consequences subversive of the principles which the mass of the people profess to desire to perpetuate. There may be—there is—a great variety of opinion as to the shape which our institutions are likely to take or which they ought to take. This journal has represented views somewhat antagonistic to those of the greatest number. We shall not, however, provoke as much dissent as usual when we urge that, whatever modifications may be likely or desirable, a system which imposes one form of government upon part of the country and a dissimilar and conflicting form upon the remainder of it cannot and ought not to be maintained.

We do not approve the passive or, as some may term it, the sullen resistance of the South. The species of opposition or coercion which is effected by studied inertia is little more agreeable than any other kind. If reconstruction is admitted to be mutually beneficial, it does not seem an amiable or propitiatory temper which deliberately proposes, by resisting it, to suffer in order to inflict suffering upon others. Nevertheless, and in all candor, it is difficult to see what other course, under existing circumstances, the South can pursue. She is powerless. She lies at the foot of the conqueror. She has stood the hazard of the die and lost all. There is a stupefaction, a numbness of the soul which inevitably follows such an awful experience, which it should be the generous office of the winner to rouse to vitality, to fraternal kindness, and to cheering hope once more.

How have we performed this office? and how are we now performing it? Unhappily, in a spirit of distrust, of trading expediency, of partisan cunning, and of, we grieve to say it, sometimes unmanly exultation. Our brother lies prostrate upon the earth, unnerved, crushed in spirit, bleeding at every pore from the tremendous and finally irresistible blows dealt by superior strength. He is too proud to ask for pity or to sue for mercy. He turns towards us a still brave but despairing front, and whispers but one faint word—justice. Is it ours to set him on his feet, to bind up his wounds, to share with him our crust and our cup, and, confident in our own massive strength, to bid him henceforth to be with us and of us, free and equal, while we only vie with each other in throwing a veil of magnanimous oblivion over the past? Or is it the nobler part for us to seize the opportunity to grind him into the dust, to swathe his nerveless limbs with gyves and fetters, to take every base and pitiful precaution lest he repay our generosity by stealing hereafter to our bedside to assassinate us while sleeping? We may, indeed, take the latter ignoble course and be safe—at least for a time; but will he ever be our brother again?

Whatever defects hypercriticism may discern in this analogy, it remains that we can afford to be generous, and are missing the opportunity. We grant the necessity for protecting the national credit; we acknowledge the humanity of providing for the national wards, the blacks; we concede the propriety of guarding against future secession; but we do not admit that these desiderata are to be best or solely secured through the machinery of military despotism. The exhibition of a loftier spirit on our part would have secured, and, we believe, might still secure, such needful guarantees without recourse to a system which fosters hatred and perpetuates alienation without ensuring the guarantees at all. If the guilt of the original act of secession—which we as individuals opposed with all the feeble might we could—were unanswerably demonstrable, we confess the case would be a different one. But the question was and—the arbitrament of war apart—still is an open one. So long as the argument of the strict constructionist remains technically unrefuted, our rights and duties towards the conquered South remain modified and restricted, and where there is room for doubts they should bend mercifully in favor of the weak and defenceless. But even were this ground untenable our present policy would be a vindictive and injudicious one. Crowns got by blood must be in some cases, perhaps, by blood maintained; but we cannot so maintain the sway of a republic without changing its character; we cannot continue to treat a whole nation as criminal.

Again, the whole head and front of the South's offense is centered in the person of Jefferson Davis. That broken, hollow-cheeked, wan-eyed old man still looks at us, speechless, half blind, and decrepit through the prison bars of Fortress Monroe. There he sits, the miserable relic of the great rebellion, whom a child could master now, seeing nothing but the walls of his cell, hearing nothing but the melancholy wail of the sea. For himself, he may be of little moment. His power for harm is gone, and gone for ever. But we should remember that it is the whole South which, in his person, is thus chained and humiliated. It is due not to the South alone but to the entire country that he should either be tried or set free. Expatriation, as an alternative, will not answer,

since legally it can only succeed a trial. His continued incarceration without trial is a reproach to the whole country; yet no reasons are given for it which are not ambiguous and inconclusive ones. Americans are sufficiently ready to execrate the memory of St. Helena. The English minister whose name is associated with it, the jailer who was the instrument of his vengeance, are by them held in an abhorrence which neither the greatness of the former nor the meanness of the latter serves to mitigate. The sovereign power here is ostensibly the people; do we wish the American people to be branded with the stigma which, as applied to Pitt and Sir Hudson Lowe, they so cordially reprobate? There is a certain way to ensure it, for history is no respecter of persons and will record the cruel or cowardly deeds of republicans as indelibly as those of despots.

The good name—the character for magnanimity—of the nation is more important than the ascendancy of any party. We are well aware of the strength and extent of the conviction which connects the security of the fruits of the Federal victory with continued Republican sway; we well know how wide is the belief that almost any evil would be preferable to the resuscitation of the Democratic party. Yet, consistently logical as these persuasions may appear to be, there is imminent peril that they will go too far and include too much. The political ostracism of every individual directly or indirectly connected with the rebellion comes dangerously near being an equivalent to the practical disfranchisement of the entire South. Military government of the offending states and the permanent imprisonment in a military fortress of its leader are consistent enough, but there are evils which outbalance consistency. The exaggerated protection which weighs down the industry of the country becoming identified, as by its continuance it will be, with the exclusion of Southern representatives, threatens a reaction which will gravely diminish the gratitude felt for Republican services. It is one thing to carry on a war to preserve the life of the nation and another to perpetuate its estranging consequences to subserve the interests of an unscrupulous and ungenerous faction. The Republican leaders have had an opportunity for protracted tenure of power unparalleled in the history of representative government except, perhaps, by that of the Whigs who came in with William of Orange; but unless they speedily acquire a wisdom, a comprehensive patriotism, and a clement spirit, of which their recent conduct affords little indication, the powerful hold they have attained on the confidence and destiny of the country will certainly slip from their grasp.

THE NEW COURT-HOUSE.

IT is expected that the new Court-House, which has for so long a period been a bone of contention among our city and county politicians, and which has also been about the most expensive plaything which our local rulers have amused themselves with for many years, will soon be put to some practical use. The Court of Appeals having announced that its present March term will be held in this city, the Board of Supervisors have lately succeeded in fitting up, for the use of that august tribunal, the east room on the first or basement floor of the building. At exactly what time the rest of the structure will be ready for occupancy we are not informed, and we would be quite willing to make a small wager that no one can guess within six months when that interesting event will take place. It is notorious that no city, of the size and position of New York, in the world is so shamefully provided with accommodations for the courts of justice. Our court-rooms are scattered about in no less than six distinct buildings, and the rooms themselves are remarkable for their want of ventilation, for their limited space, and for the meanness of their furniture. The new Court-House, let us hope, will remedy these defects. In it the three Courts of Record and the Surrogate's Court will be amply provided for, and one of the annoyances with which the bar of New York is afflicted will be removed. The wonder is that the profession have endured so long the discomforts to which they have been subjected. The reason, however, will be found in the fact that there is little or no *esprit du corps* among New York lawyers. While almost every trade

is, by means of associations, regulated and ruled; while doctors have their medical societies; while clergymen have their clerical associations; while the butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers have their trades unions, the lawyers of New York are absolutely without organization of any kind. And yet there is hardly any calling the members of which are individually on better terms with each other. Doctors are proverbial for their disagreements, and controversial theology has always been a fruitful mother of personal quarrels. Members of the bar, however, although they are always placed in antagonism with each other, rarely or never carry away from the forum any embers of the fray. The learned gentleman who reflects severely before the court and jury on the conduct of the other learned gentleman, who characterizes the conduct of the other learned gentleman as disingenuous and unprofessional, and who looks at him unutterable things, will, nevertheless, after the verdict is in, or the motion argued, accept the other learned gentleman's invitation to lunch and proceed with him arm in arm to the refreshing exercise.

Since the relaxation of the rules regulating admission to the profession, an association is the more needed. Such a society would regulate and elevate the standard of respectability in the profession, and by careful examination of all complaints against its members, and prompt expulsion of any who may be guilty of unprofessional or ungentlemanly practices, be of real practical benefit both to the profession and to the public. By a rigid adherence to an elevated standard, the society would, in a measure, cure the evil, which now exists, of promiscuous admission, and it would not be long before membership in the society would be as necessary to enable a man successfully to practise his profession, at least in its higher walks, as his license to practise itself.

There exists at present an association called, we believe, the New York Law Institute. We are not quite sure but the word "exists" describes a higher state of being than that enjoyed by this highly respectable incorporation. It furnishes the bar with a good library, but that is the extent of its usefulness. When, how, or where its managers, trustees, or whatever else it rulers may be called, meet, and what they do at the meeting, we have no idea; and we certainly should know if being a member or stockholder is supposed to give persons any right to any knowledge on the subject. But, at any rate, the institute exerts no influence whatever either over the bar or in the community. A really well-organized institution ought to be, and will be, not only an authority to lawyers, but will exert a powerful beneficial influence on legislation and on the election of judges. We hope this will meet the eye of some of the gentlemen who manage the Law Institute; we hope that the brief suggestions here thrown out will awaken some of them to give the subject their attention; and particularly we hope that an early and earnest effort will be made to secure rooms in the new Court-House for the institute, so that members of a learned profession may have a room in which to wait, instead of being jostled, as they are now, in narrow halls, among jurymen, witnesses, and apple-venders.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

WHATEVER deity holds carnival on the First of April has either shown himself this year to be a spendthrift who has scandalously squandered valuable resources or he has entertainments in reserve for next week of a magnitude to which we are entirely unaccustomed. For some time there has been so steady a succession of events calculated to perfect the American people in a stoical *nil admirari* that only something which verges upon the tremendous can produce an effect commensurate with the occasion. We have had the Crosby lottery, the yacht race with its accompaniments, the McCracken correspondence, the Hon. Mr. Morrissey's election with a prospect of Mr. Barnum's, and all the while there has been an intermittent undertone of Mr. Bergh, who has only now and then desisted from his vocation of amusing the public to involve himself in zoological no-thoroughfares whither Professor Agassiz and the newspapers must be summoned to extricate him. Resources such as these should have been frugally husbanded. A proper regard for the fitness of things would have dictated a temporary abstinence, just as every right-minded person makes no presents for a month before Christmas, as local orators

become unusually reserved on the approach of the Fourth of July, and as the staunchest Churchmen will not hear of mortifying the flesh until Lent is actually upon them. The public has been wronged in that the sweetness of Mr. McCracken was wasted on the desert air of un-extraordinary secular days; that *The Lancet*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *World* prematurely impelled the ladies to shuddering scrutiny of their *chignons*, and that Mr. Peabody did not leave his four thousand benevolent beggars in suspense until he could publish their names as a munificent contribution to those festivities which, like Christmas, come but once a year.

The great principle which underlies the time-honored ceremonials of All Fools' Day is that it is highly humorous to inflict pain or injury, and that the exquisite mirthfulness of the procedure is enhanced if the operator can make one of the means toward his end to consist of a falsehood, especially of one which entails loss or other detriment upon the victim. A perception of this great Truth is so indigenous to the human mind as to make its presence known in all sorts and conditions of men. Boys intuitively recognize the fun of placing a bent pin—a miniature caltrop—in a schoolfellow's chair, or withdrawing the chair as he is about to occupy it; as they grow older they make wretched the lives of servant girls by ringing door bells, sending people on fools' errands, intermingling tradesmen's signs, artfully adjusting orange peel or stretching strings for the overthrow of ponderous old gentlemen—evinced in a thousand ways a light-hearted sportiveness most pleasant to witness. This laudable art probably obtained its zenith under the auspices of the Mohawks of Queen Anne's time, about whom Mr. Addison and Mr. Steele among others have told us, and a large remnant of their mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of the college students of the present day—as the inhabitants of a college town and all sophomores are ready to attest. We doubt, however, whether New York need yield even to Donnybrook the palm in this respect. The draft riots of 1864 were proof of a very respectable proficiency, and the little episode the other day which resulted in reducing a dozen or two of policemen to masses of jelly and gashes approached the acme of practical pleasantry, which only needs for its completeness that the principal actors shall be hung by their necks until they be dead, for the satisfaction of Justice and the delectation of newspaper readers. It is therefore evident that if All Fools' Day this year is to be a failure it will be so not from the lack of raw material or proficient and liberal performers, but because the ordinary course of things has of late been upon so high a plane that no ordinary extravagance can raise itself observably above the prevailing level. New York, in this matter, has been culpable in the extreme. In well regulated communities throughout the country the First of April has been especially adapted for this laudable kind of entertainment. By making it the general moving day the amplest scope has been afforded the fertile geniuses of landlords, carmen, street boys, thieves, and other people of that species of all-conquering mind to whose activity and enterprise we owe it that the occasion has become what it is. If we are correct in our impression that the "point" of First of April jests consists in their capacity for making people unhappy, no single measure could conduce more admirably toward that result on a scale large enough to include the entire community than the union of these two occasions of public misery; and New York has been as guilty in its grave moral dereliction of dissevering them as were the Confederate States in their more tangible political crime of dividing the Union.

The acknowledged capacity of Americans for overcoming difficulties is, nevertheless, such that we believe them capable of rising to the exigencies of the situation and providing for All Fools' Day something that shall astonish themselves and the world. That they will do their duty in their private capacity can be doubted by none who know them, but the time is now short in which to prepare an adequately stupendous public demonstration. For this city the matter is easy enough. The Common Council is capable of any desired exertions in such a department, and no one would hesitate to vouch for its capability to devise some exquisitely humorous infliction at which the citizens would stand aghast. The Legislature could do a better kind of thing in the matter of city railways. The railroad and steamboat companies, beside their ordinary humors of detention and every-day outrages, might signalize the anniversary by simultaneously maiming thousands of human beings or launching them into eternity in a very funny manner indeed. But it is, after all, upon Washington that we naturally fall back in quest of the *ne plus ultra* of a national *jeu d'esprit*. Congress has shown itself possessed of powers in this way which it is highly reprehensible for them to have adjourned without exercising; a suitable tariff enact-

ment might paralyze the commerce of the nation, while such a money bill as the financiers of that body know very well how to make would produce in Wall Street so mirthful an agitation as is seldom seen except in a barnyardful of newly-decapitated hens. If it is funny to hurt a single individual, we can conceive no more exquisite pleasantry than by a single blow to throw an entire nation into mercantile convulsions. Apart from material injuries, a very fine style of joke is known to consist in the simple production of moral mortification, and it is highly fortunate that President Johnson possesses in a remarkable degree the power of occasioning this: it is quite worth the while of His Excellency to consider that by delivering one of his characteristic speeches on the last secular evening of March he can cause the United States to appear next Monday, in its own eyes and those of the civilized world, in the light of a stupendous April Fool.

There may be those who will consider that we exaggerate the importance of the approaching festival. Such persons should consider the deleterious effects of never unbending from the profound wisdom that characterizes the American people during the rest of the year. It is only judicious that a nation so remarkable for its practical sobriety should occasionally enlarge its experience by ascertaining the sensations which arise from playing the fool.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

WHEN women vote our stump-speakers will have need of changes in style. What is to be the salutation? "Fellow-citizens" is too cold; moreover, *citizen* has acquired a masculine limitation, so much so that, prominent as women were in the French Revolution, the distinction of *citoyenne* was never lost. We suggest "fellow-creatures," the sex being already used to *creature* as a term of endearment. The closer the stump-orator can bring himself to his audience the better; the formal "ladies and gentlemen" for a beginning would freeze his whole speech to the temperature of a lecture. It will be very necessary to learn, before attempting a political campaign, how women like to be talked to. Married men, especially those who have kept well the respect and affection of their wives, will have the advantage. In fact, the man who has never made love will be good for nothing on the stump. To become a master in the art of stump-speaking will need more of an apprenticeship than passing through the lecture-room of a professor of rhetoric. Teachers of elocution will have to revise their rules; Demosthenes and Cicero and Burke and Webster will cease to be useful models, for what is recorded of their sayings was uttered to influence men; if we could get at how these great lights shone in their private homes, what they said when seeking wives or when soothing wives, that might be of some use to us. Cold logic must be banished from the stump; we shall have to impress that unnamed faculty, higher than the reasoning powers, which jumps to conclusions. Appeals to the spread-eagle and to the memories of our Revolutionary grand-sires will no longer serve as staple material; one dash in a speech of love for little children will be worth more than any quantity of veneration for great men, dead or alive.

MR. BERGH, MR. BARNUM, AND THE BOA.

THE correspondence with which the public has lately been edified between or respecting these three celebrities has had the effect to show that the first has been a trifle too sentimental, the second a good deal too impudent, and that the third, like the devil, his prototype, is not so black as he is painted. Mr. Bergh, in the tenderness of his heart, has probably overrated the nervous susceptibility of rabbits, upon whom a great many things besides constrictors will produce the effect of fear and trembling, and who will commonly run from their shadows as fast as from snakes. Mr. Barnum, with his usual offensive readiness to turn everything into an advertisement, has employed language much too gross and self-complacent to be addressed to a courteous, refined, and well-meaning gentleman whose weakness ever leans to virtue's side, and who is as much the renowned showman's superior in social position as he is in the attributes which ought but do not always go to secure it. As for the Boa, he fills his niche with commendable dignity and would probably fill his stomach with either Mr. Barnum or Mr. Bergh with as much satisfaction as with rabbits, if he could only get the opportunity.

Mr. Barnum's fustian about giving people four times the worth of their money will pass as usual with the proper grains of salt. He is so notoriously in the habit of giving more than he receives, even in the matter of angry correspondence, that if his objections to Mr. Bergh's course rested on no other basis than this delicate assump-

tion, the latter might well have forborne reply. But Mr. Bergh, actuated by considerations which deserve every possible respect and honor, probably went too far in attributing human foresight and apprehensiveness to his poor little friends the rabbits. Pigeons and rabbits have various ways of suggesting their dislike to incarceration, but it is certainly assuming too much to ascribe to either that vivid consciousness of impending doom which a man or even a showman might feel if shut up with an empty serpent. The American public have really had almost enough of Mr. Barnum, and, whatever their general esteem for the individual who stirs him up, the consequences are never such as to excite their gratitude. If, indeed, he is to honor Connecticut by representing her in Congress, perhaps the best thing he can do will be to take the Boa with him; there will be plenty of congenial society for both, and if the great snake should accidentally get loose and make rabbits of a few of his companions the country would assuredly be none the worse for it.

Meanwhile it should be admitted that if there must be error in our treatment of animals, whether boas or their victims, it is much better that it should be on mercy's side. Far better that Mr. Bergh and his benevolent society should make blunders by the score than that barbarism of any kind should go unrebuked and unpunished. That the poor trodden-upon beetle feels a pang as great as when a giant dies, has been pretty well exploded by scientific researches; but we need not go to bugs and beetles, or even to rabbits and pigeons, to find instances of deplorable inhumanity whereupon the benevolent may practise for an indefinite time. As a matter of curious investigation, it might reward experiment to see if the boa could not be converted into a granivorous or frugivorous animal; or whether he might not be induced by moral suasion to eat dead rabbits instead of living ones. In like manner, it might be interesting to try to make Mr. Barnum a candid, simple-minded, and chivalrous Christian gentleman. But there are too many other experiments to try in this busy world which afford more reasonable chances of success to make it worth while for most of us to devote time and labor to such unpromising ones.

We recommend Mr. Bergh to let Barnum and his Boa religiously alone for the future; for although he may be willing to risk the defilement of pitch for a generous end—and, indeed, he has gallantly shown his readiness to do so—he is no match in billingsgate for his antagonist, and if he were the game is hardly worth the candle. Barnum and his Boa together constitute a team which is not easily matched either for rapacity or unwholesome savor; and whether they are a blessing or a curse to the community, no means short of a dispensation of Providence is likely to rid us of them. Perhaps the removal of the former to another field of humbug and windy vituperation may afford the community a temporary relief; and, as the chance of disgracing a Congress like our present one is too difficult, remote, and speculative to constitute a risk worth counting, we hope Mr. Barnum may go there. If the suffrages of the inhabitants of his ill-smelling show-shop will ensure such a result, we advocate their immediate enfranchisement. The learned pigs, stuffed owls, mermaids, baboons, What-is-its, boas, and other attractive inmates of Mr. Barnum's happy family would no doubt vote for him if nobody else will; or, if there were any jealousy, he might arrange to alternate with one of their number at succeeding elections; which would secure a pleasing variety and, so far as we can see, involve no flagrant incongruity.

RELIGION FOR THE POOR.

THE attention which has been bestowed upon some of our remarks, written with a view to the amendment and eradication of some of the more conspicuous evils of the day, gives us ground to hope that there exists sufficient active, sterling worth in the press and people of this land to make a decided effort to remove many of those barnacles from our political, social, and religious systems which so retard our healthy progress. While every thoughtful, earnest mind, that considers the low moral and spiritual condition of the masses of our large cities, recognizes the fact of the existence of a great defect somewhere in our system of religious instruction, it is difficult to ascertain where the defect lies, particularly as the fault has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of society until we are all committed to it. It is one of our crying sins that the miserable poor of our cities are not brought more directly under the influence of the gospel and its regenerating spirit. It is not sufficient that we open our churches on Sundays and say the poor may come in if they choose. The class of which we speak will not come unless we go out into the streets, lanes, by-ways, and alleys, saying, "There is yet room,"

and compel them to come to the feast. Again, where much is given much is required; and we who profess to have the spirit of Christ, and are intelligent church members or church-goers, should see to it that we regulate our preaching, singing, sitting, dress, and manner in the house of God so that no occasion for stumbling be presented to our weak brother or sister, but that an example of Christian love and simplicity be set them in all things, as Christ set to the poor of eighteen centuries ago. Should we fail to bring the poor under the influence of the gospel in this way, the gospel should be preached to them in every back street and alley until there is a sound of rejoicing over souls renewed and sins forgiven, as in the days of Whitfield, Wesley, Lorenzo Dow, and others. We have forgotten that we are only stewards, holding our slight tenure under the mandate of "occupy till I come;" that talents have been left in our charge for which we will have to account, and which we have buried in a napkin. Our religion, except in a few individual cases, has degenerated into a mere profession. It lacks vitality—is not a working religion; and failing to exert any influence over our own conduct in life, it cannot be expected to accomplish much for others.

The spasmodic revival periods of our religious societies show us a little of the condition which should characterize the Church. The history of the Church shows that in proportion to the amount of its outside labor has been its life. It is useless for us to attempt to shirk our responsibility in this matter, and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The evil exists before our eyes and with our knowledge, and we are weekly reminded of Christ's commands to us concerning it; and, if we would no longer bear the burden of this sin, our religious organizations should begin a vigorous work of reformation at once, as the evil is too great to be affected by individual enterprise.

FASHION AND BEAUTY SPOTS.

WHEN a South Sea Islander or a North American Indian has walked about with a British officer's scarlet coat and bare legs it has seemed in past days a whimsical and anomalous thing; and yet, barring the grosser materialism of the contrast, it seems scarcely more absurd than what we see to-day when the republican ladies of our New America revert to the costume of the *ancien régime*, and bring hoops, powder, and patches into our western ball-rooms of the nineteenth century. That ladies are privileged we all must needs admit, and that fashion is despotic is a conventional truism; but the oddity of reviving in a democratic society and an era of exceptional monotone in dress those peculiar and conspicuous modes which are inseparably associated with the aristocratic distinctions of a pre-revolutionary time, is certainly remarkable.

We all know that fashions go and return, and that even less with them than with other terrestrial affairs is there anything new under the sun. We expect to see bonnets fluctuate between coal-scuttles and dessert-plates, hats grow wide or narrow, skirts curtail or lengthen, ankles to be coyly hidden or coquettishly displayed, peg-tops to dwindle feebly into pipe-stems and to swell generously out again, colors to alternate between rigorous sobriety and flaunting gayety. All these important mutations occur periodically, and the older we grow the more a matter of course do the shifts and changes appear. If there be anything new under the sun, we find as the years roll round that it is scarcely in clothes. Even food changes more than dress, for new continents are discovered with fresh agricultural facilities, new varieties present themselves in graniferous and frugiferous development, and thus the food of our grandfathers is not our food, nor their drink our drink. But the primary colors and the human structure change not. What they were, they are; and with the permission of Messrs. Darwin, Huxley, or whoever may be the advocates of progressive development, will continue to be. Hence the scope for variation is determinately limited. The permutations and combinations are few and easily reckoned. The democratic tendencies of the age, too, have generally restricted what little play for form and color we are able to avail of. The prevalent notion has been that all should dress alike and look alike almost as a religious duty; so that if laws should, after a time, be proposed to raze tall men and piece out short ones, to pare superfluous bulk and eke out with it the needy, so that all human beings should be of precisely the same dimensions and avoirdupois, it might not, to democratic eyes, appear extravagant.

But how comes it with this obvious gravitation towards the commonplace and monotonous in so many things else that these strange perturbations—these striking aberrations—should appear in ladies' toilets? Why, in a community presumably as enamored of fraternity and equality

as the compatriots of Robespierre himself, should the fair bedeck themselves in a manner which, in that olden time, would in itself have established their suitability for the guillotine? Does it come in the mere routine whereby in regulated periodicity all fashions are renewed, or has it a deeper, a political significance, which in the stir and whirl of our daily lives we fail to apprehend? We sometimes think so; and when we are told that a lady in wealthy New York society lately received her friends seated on a throne, duly erected on a dais at the end of a suite of apartments, we are led to believe that the social reaction against republican simplicity is reaching a significant, if absurd, crisis. This latter performance was, of course, an idiotic exaggeration, and one which we should hope, even among our new rich, with all their wealth of capacity for ignorant and conceited folly, would find but few imitators. To a foreign eye such a piece of intelligence must read like sheer lunacy; but the crests and coronets, the gilded pageantry and *vielle cour* costumes of our fashionable dames are only in degree less preposterous.

It must be admitted, however, that, whatever their incongruity, there is something exceedingly stylish and fascinating about these last-century costumes. Grace and Emily "made up" for a ball may look, as their younger brothers assure them, like the mantel china ornaments grown up, but they look very charming notwithstanding. Nor is the charm due simply to picturesque associations as, not unfrequently, the charm of a new-old fashion undoubtedly is. There is an essential attractiveness in the mode itself. Its scope in the way of color and contour is favorable to most figures and faces. Powder, too, becomes most women, and even the little absurdities made of court-plaster—the "beauty spots"—which are requisite to complete the *ensemble* have a mission and a witchery which entitle them to have a word said in their behalf.

Every one knows, of course, the object of these premeditated blemishes. They are intended to set off the radiance of the complexion and to lend sparkle to the eyes. Their conspicuous jet, contrasting with the snow of the powder, gives piquancy and—there is no other word for it—*espiglerie* to the expression. Just as the black dabs on ermine call attention to its whiteness, and as the spots on the sun rather increase than diminish its dazzling refulgence, so the beauty spots on the face of a fair woman, if sparingly and judiciously applied, add lustre to its alabaster and heighten its varying charms. A strictly pure taste may doubtless object to this as to all other artificial expedients as meretricious, and nature unadorned will always have the best side of the argument; but it must be acknowledged that there is a philosophical apology for the patches which is wanting for many other feminine devices which, on a cursory examination, appear more reasonable. Actresses, whose business it is to study effect, understand the mystery in a nice degree, and although, except in the case of very refined artists, they are prone to employ it to excess, their conventional usages are not without meaning and instruction. The little triangles of indian-ink which close inspection often reveals at the outer corners of their eyes, like the patches, are intended to give brilliancy to those organs as well as apparent size. When overdone, the effect is palpably a ridiculous one, and, running into caricature, the object aimed at is indiscreetly sacrificed. Rouge, also, delicately used and, which is rarely seen, at the proper places, has a similar effect in "throwing out" the eyes and giving them brightness.*

There are certain spiritual or physiological analogies which probably have something to do with feminine instinct in the selection of personal adornment, and many things which at first sight appear to the masculine eye both silly and unmeaning sometimes have a significance of which reflection will suggest the explanation. Rochefoucauld tells us that we are more frequently loved for our faults than our virtues, and the notorious popularity of sots and scapegraces generally attests the accuracy of his discernment. In like manner, the beauty spots may impart fascination which without them were wanting, and even the long dresses, which make everybody, including the wearers, uncomfortable, may have an occult charm. It is plain that what we call the just medium is seldom attractive, and is, therefore, seldom popular. If dresses which are too long go out of fashion, dresses which are too short immediately come in, and dresses which are just long enough have no chance at all. The ladies would seem to insist upon showing us either rather too little of their ankles or rather too much of them, and perhaps they are quite right, although why they should be

* Sensible readers will not require to be told that we by no means recommend these equivocal expedients, or that we refer to them solely by way of illustrating the rationale—if there be any—of facial decoration. We have taken occasion before now to reprehend all such adventitious aids to beauty, and the distinction between the moral tendency and the artistic explanation of such practices should be sufficiently obvious.

so does not immediately appear. Perhaps the living reproduction of inaccessible ancient statues or of articles of expensive *verru* may have artistic uses which experience will satisfactorily demonstrate. Next to having treasures of speechless Sévres on our shelves the possession of magnified and animated copies walking about our drawing and ball rooms may be the best attainable substitute. The gems of antiquity or mediæval ages may thus in a manner be enjoyed without the cost of a Crystal Palace or a Paris Exposition, and a new method of popular instruction be introduced which has hitherto been unthought of. Considering such possible advantages, we should not permit ourselves to be too censorious or too cynical in dealing with modes which may be pregnant with useful knowledge, to be brought forth for the benefit of the rising generation. If classical, mythological, and æsthetic lore in general may be conveyed through the easy and simple means of living illustrations even in the domestic limits of the family, we may be fairly called upon to honor fashion rather than to rail at her. From this point of view it is clear that brocades and powder, coiffures *à la Grecque*, ornithological, grandiflorous, horticultural, and architectural, or skirts as full of story as the column of Trajan or that of the Place Vendôme, may each and all yet be proved to have their solid uses, and that even the beauty spots may be defended as not altogether without them.

BOOK-MAKING IN AMERICA.

AMONG those who have to do with books very radical differences of opinion exist not only as to the literary culture of the American people, but as to the condition of our book-making as an art. In reference to our consumption of books, very erroneous ideas seem to prevail. We are constantly described as peculiarly a reading public, and nine men out of ten will assert, with vast complacency, that our superiority to our benighted English brethren in this particular is due to the advantages of free institutions. Now the facts of the case are that many more books are published in England than in America, and an English book designed for popular circulation obtains a much larger sale than a similar issue with us. Moreover, the English have their extensive and widely-diffused circulating libraries, to which ours are utterly insignificant. Where the Mercantile Library of Astor Place will take a hundred copies of a book at about a dollar and a half, the famous Mudie's Library of London will take three thousand copies at some four or five times the price. Mudie's will, in fact, often require for its customers a larger number of copies of a book than can be sold in the entire Union, even when reprinted at a low popular price. As examples of the comparative demands in the two countries there are numberless cases in point. Smiles's *Self Help* is a work which, in its subject and treatment, is peculiarly suited to American ideas and feelings; yet, while the English edition sold over fifty thousand copies, the American reprint, although at a lower price, has probably not sold more than a fifth of that number. The same author's *Lives of the Engineers*, an elaborate and high-priced book, sold extensively in England, but no American publisher ventured to reprint it, although free of copyright, and with its numerous drawings and engravings prepared to his hand. The *Heaven our Home* books, a series of well-written religious essays, have reached their seventy and eighty thousand each in Great Britain, and their six or seven thousand in America. The *Globe Edition of Shakespeare* is a marvel of compactness, neatness, and cheapness, and reached at once a sale in the English market of fifty or sixty thousand copies. A Boston house imported the work, but some two or three thousand are all that have been distributed in the States, although a far cheaper and neater edition than any of our own. The English periodicals are also far more numerous than ours, and as a rule have larger circulations. There is, perhaps, no one English magazine that has a circulation greater than that of *Harper's*; but there are several which nearly equal it. But nothing exhibits more conclusively the difference between the two countries in this particular than a comparison between London and New York trade-sale returns. While in one case the volumes sold number by hundreds, in the other they number by thousands. Mr. John Murray, indeed, will often sell at his annual trade-sale several thousand copies of a book which cannot safely be reprinted in America at all. These facts alone refute the prevalent notion of our greater book-buying and book-reading tastes, an error arising, probably, from our larger consumption of cheap daily newspapers.

Our population, however, daily increases, intelligence spreads, wealth accumulates, and the making of many books must characterize all our future. It is not too soon

to ask, How are we preparing for these increasing wants? Is there any real concurrence between the demand to come and the measures to supply it? Do book-buyers and book-makers understand each other? Are we pursuing a course whereby not only an active and able American literature shall be encouraged, but the literary tastes of the public stimulated as well as supplied? Is our skill in book-making as an art equal to the English or continental? In reference to the last of these interrogatories it would be pleasant to endorse the complacent assertions on the subject which are so current, but the fact is very apparent that American book-making is far behind European. We have printed a good many creditable volumes, it is true, and occasionally there has been an issue that might boldly challenge comparison with anything of the kind abroad. But these have been exceptions, produced as samples, and cannot be accepted as truly representative of the average art. Our books are inferior in all those details and nicer qualities the observance of which constitutes the art. Take up what you will, an English periodical, pamphlet, or book, whether cheap or costly, and you will find it to possess a certain quality of elegance which in nine cases out of ten a corresponding American publication will lack. It is hardly unfair to say that to the eye of the connoisseur every American book will exhibit in the neglect of some detail its *dis-Atlantic* origin. We have made efforts at illustrated books which have been moderately successful, but the last three or four years have exhibited a decline in this branch rather than an advance. The production of a book like *Doré's Bible* would be an impossibility in America.

Nowhere is our deficiency greater than in binding. We have two or three binders who give us excellent workmanship, but they are utterly unequal to the demands upon them, and hence the majority of our books are unspeakably vulgar in appearance and poor in execution. Even our best binders are unable to supply themselves with elegant designs for tooling, and must either copy the foreign or content themselves with such new combinations of old forms as they can make. Certain books require elaborate and artistic ornamentation, and in Europe there are men specially educated in this branch of art who continually surprise us with unique and often exquisitely beautiful designs, which unite grace, delicacy, character, invention, harmony of proportion, and unity of effect. There is not an artist in the whole breadth of the Union of any skill or experience in this department; and consequently anything like originality or artistic beauty in designs for book covers is not at present possible.

We can make good paper, but we seldom use it. There is a certain class of American novels which never fail to remind one of a man in a fine coat over a soiled shirt. Take up a copy of one and you will observe its gayly-gilded and highly-colored binding; open it and you are startled and disgusted by its coarse and yellow paper and its wretched printing. Better paper and better printing are often put in our daily newspapers. This class of books does more to bring into contempt American taste and culture than any other. The square, inelegant, and clumsy proportions of these books are also noticeable. Almost all American books have trimmed edges; almost all English ones, unless bound in leather, have their edges uncut. There has always been considerable discussion on this point, and in England at present there is, as we have before mentioned, a strenuous advocacy of the American plan, headed by no less a personage than Mr. Charles Dickens. It is not easy to convert a connoisseur to this opinion. A trimmed book is in his eye an abomination; and it is really the case that, apart from any considerations of convenience, there is a style and elegance in the virgin margin of a folded sheet, before the knife has touched it, which is peculiarly charming. This charm is partially injured in American books, when bound with uncut edges, by the fact that, either from inequality in the size of the paper or imperfect register of the sheet on the press, the signature rarely folds with the regularity and neatness which characterize the English books. This point is very noticeable in periodicals. There is another difference between English and American books which may be referred to here: our books in muslin are all bound with firm and tight backs; the English with free and open backs. The English book will, therefore, lie flat and open in your hand; the American, on the contrary, requires some leverage to keep it open. One method is more durable and slightly, the other more agreeable.

An interesting consideration in book-making is the style of type. There is a settled connection between the form of the letter and the thought of the author which is more easily felt than analyzed; in one style of type an author's language will seem compact, in another diffuse; in one metal garb it will appear obtuse, and in another

sharp and clear. There is what might be called an æsthetic quality not only in the form of type, but in the spelling of words; and the opposition to Mr. Webster's innovations often arises from a vague perception of the fact. When you drop *u* from *color* you seem in some way to extract all the color and heart out of the word. If this idea is fanciful, why is it that the *u* is almost universally retained in *Saviour*, it being distinctly felt that to deprive that word of even a letter would be to sacrilegiously despoil it of its sacred completeness? But every bibliophile appreciates and admits the value and significance of styles in type. Of late years there has been a rage for what is called Old Style, which, unlike many fashions, is deserving of all the favor it receives. But in employing this style the long *s's* should be dropped altogether, as they are a hindrance and a vexation to a majority of readers. If the object were merely to make fac-similes of antique books, then of course this peculiar *s* should be retained. But the type has not been revived, as some suppose, with the idea of imitating the old because it is old, but for the reason that the type is singularly pleasing to the eye, its slight irregularity and quaintness of form adding to its charms. It can be read, moreover, with more ease and at a greater distance than the ordinary formal-cut type.

The most important question concerning American books is, after all, their cost. There is pressing need for a class of issues which shall combine neatness with cheapness and compactness. The Messrs. Harpers supply us pretty well with the better English novels in a cheap and fairly readable form; but in the whole range of English or American classics one must either purchase more costly copies than he needs, or content himself with those which are vilely printed from worn-out plates. No man, says a Frenchman, whose income is less than five thousand dollars, can afford to buy a book; because, he explains, no man buys one book—he buys a hundred or none. Cannot the publishers make some effort for the benefit of the large class which have literary taste and scant pocket-books? The true economy of book-making—the largest result from the smallest expenditure—has been rarely studied. There is too much waste in the ordinary book—too much weight in the paper, too much margin, too much cost in the binding. Thick paper and wide margins are well enough for those who can afford sumptuous editions for their grand libraries, but become wasteful luxuries for those whose means are small and needs many. Why, moreover, when one seeks to buy a *Shakespeare* or a *Milton*, must he be compelled to purchase so much extra weight of paper, thereby paying to the publisher seventy or eighty cents a pound for a material worth about twenty? A thin paper renders a book more flexible and free to the hand, and, so far, more agreeable than the heavier volume. It is only necessary that the paper should not be so thin as to be transparent. Again, why must we have wide margins and large type save when a luxurious elegance is confessedly designed? The type, of course, must not be so small as to strain the eye; but small, though perfectly clear and legible type, narrow margins, and thin paper are great economies in book-making, and all three are perfectly compatible with neatness and attractiveness. It is desirable, also, to make a radical change in the binding of books. There are, in fact, only two proper styles—one in substantial leather, morocco, or calf, which may be graced with all the appointments of art; the other simply in paper. Muslin binding, so much in vogue, has nothing to defend it. It is paltry, perishable, and at the same time expensive and as every different work is bound in an independent style and of an independent size, it is far from suitable for libraries. A row of books in faded, many-colored muslin covers, variously gilded, and no two volumes alike in height, presents a motley and distasteful confusion. We wish, therefore, that the continental plan of binding books in paper covers were more common; they are more pleasant to handle, easier to read, far cheaper, and they enable the purchaser to bind them in permanent form and uniform style at his convenience. The book-buyer would soon find no small pleasure in collecting his books in paper covers, classifying them according to subject, and binding them in styles which should bear the mark of his taste. Every man's collection would by this means have its own individual character.

The most vexatious fact connected with American book-making is the persistent effort on the part of many of our publishers to force unprofitable branches of the trade into profitable ones by the aid of government protection. It is believed by these gentlemen that if there can be imposed a tariff large enough to practically exclude foreign books from our market American book-making will then rapidly develop in volume and profit. Of course if paper and all the other articles that enter into book-making must be protected, then books themselves

must be fostered under the government wings. Yet every man who has made this precious "protection" a study is perfectly assured that results very different from those predicted will ensue from the operation of the desired, almost prohibitory, tariff. If, under the bandaging and propping and nursing and soothing solace of this babyhood protection, foreign books are to be driven out of the market, and all the publishers, by the artificial aid thus rendered, should begin the printing of editions of books that otherwise might have been purchased by the community at greatly lower prices, then book-publishing with us is doomed to impoverishment and collapse. For instance, a well-known house have recently reprinted an elegant edition of an English historical work just as a similar fine edition was publishing in England; and the American firm have been naturally solicitous to obtain an increase of the tariff on foreign books. Now, printing a fine edition of a foreign author when a perfectly satisfactory English edition, at a lower price, can be supplied to the few hundred persons desiring the luxury is manifestly a useless waste. The real public need was a compact and cheap edition of the author in question, and if the American publishers had not been seduced by the expectation of government nursing, they would have abandoned all idea of competing with the English house in supplying that which was not needed, and vigorously entered upon supplying that which obviously *was* needed, and for which the aid of government would not be required. Whenever our publishers cease imitating and competing with those issues which the resources of English publishers enable them to make cheaper and better than we can, and address themselves to vigorous, independent, and popular enterprises, inspired by public needs, they will be rewarded by genuine successes. Meanwhile, the exact result of a high tariff will be few books and dear ones; and when the ambition of our book-makers ceases to be pricked into activity by the beauty of English models and the inspiration of English competition, we may look for a falling off in the style and character of our books.

It is strange that the most earnest of the protectionists never care a doit for the protection of the American author. The publisher of histories must be secured from the competition of the trans-Atlantic publisher of histories; not so the writer of histories. If protection must be the rule, the American author should have not merely international copyright, which amply establishes a right of property in foreign literary productions and puts the American author on an equal footing with the English; but the right to reprint the English author should also be taxed, so that the publisher may be compelled to buy of the native writer or pay a liberal bonus to government for the privilege of copying the foreign one. If the author must pay a protection price to the publisher when he buys a book, why should not the publisher pay a protection price to the author when he buys his manuscript? Publishers are, of course, prudently right in not wishing to see authors protected, for whenever protection extends to everybody equally then all protection virtually ceases. If everybody's industry is taxed to protect everybody else's industry, then the exact result will be the cost of transferring a tax from B to protect C, and from C again to protect B. The clamor for protective tariffs, moreover, seems simply impudent when one reflects that the protection asked for is security for the emoluments of piracy—such protection being simply that the American publisher may reprint the English author, for which he pays neither price nor money, without the uncomfortable competition of the rightful owner of the English author's labor.

PHYSIOLOGICAL GASTRONOMY.

NO. III.—RESPECTING FISH.

AS we propose in these articles to follow the natural course of a dinner, the next subject for consideration is fish. It is customary, in all dinners in which completeness and elegance are considered, to follow the soup with a service of some kind of fish. This custom, like that of taking soup at the beginning of a dinner, is so universal that it becomes an important question to determine whether it is based upon physiological laws or is simply a matter of taste. In treating this question there are several points to be considered. In the first place, the necessity of variety in alimentation is so imperative that man is benefited by drawing material for his sustenance from all sources which furnish it in a form in which it is agreeable to the palate, and can be assimilated without difficulty. From this point of view, the different kinds of edible fish must be regarded as among the most important articles of food. Though not so nutritious as meats, they contain a considerable amount of reparative matter; and that they are capable of sustaining life, when taken as almost the sole article of diet, is illustrated in whole races that are able to obtain hardly

any other kind of food for a considerable period of the year. On the other hand, supposing that we are able to procure the richer articles of animal food, is it desirable to use fish to any great extent? and if it be used, when and how should it be taken?

All scientific men who have devoted any thought to the subject of alimentation must agree that fish is an important article of food, even when the meats are to be had in abundance. Beside contributing to variety in animal diet, it frequently seems particularly well suited to the digestive powers of certain persons, presenting a adequate amount of nourishment in a form in which it is disposed of with great facility. As a rule, the flesh of fish is tender, the fibres are loosely held together by intervening tissue, and its whole substance contains much more water and a relatively smaller proportion of solid nutriment than the flesh of warm-blooded animals. It is thus admirable for a light meal, such as breakfast. Nothing could be more healthful than good fresh fish at this time; and when in season, it takes the place very well of meats, which are more difficult of digestion and much more expensive.

There are many good reasons why fish should be taken at dinner, and why it should be served between the soup and the meats. At a convivial dinner those with good health and fair appetite are generally in danger of eating more than the system needs or can easily dispose of. If one course consist of fish properly cooked and served, this may take the place of heavier articles. If taken at all, of course it should be taken when its flavor can be best appreciated. It is apparent to every one that the only place for it is after the soup. One might as well expect to enjoy the delicate bouquet of a fine Bordeaux immediately after a draught of fiery whiskey, as to appreciate the flavor of a good fish after eating largely of highly-seasoned meats.

There are few exceptions to the general rule that fish should be cooked and eaten as soon as possible after being removed from its native element. Most of the finer varieties of fish are never tough, and the great object should be to get them on the table with the flesh as firm as possible, and before it has had time to undergo any of those changes which take place in all organic matter after death. Immediately after death, the flesh of the warm-blooded animals is tough and not well flavored; and the first changes which it undergoes render it more tender, and develop the agreeable, decided flavor which is so much prized. In fish, any change which takes place after death is usually detrimental to the flavor. The oils, which are more or less infiltrated in the muscular substance, are the first to change, and give rise to volatile products, offensive alike to the smell and the taste. The only marked exceptions to this rule are the ray-fish and large soles, the flesh of which is too hard unless they are kept for a day or two.

In the selection of fish at the market it is very easy to determine their freshness. When in the best condition the shield of the gills is firmly closed, the fins are moist and adhere to the sides, the gills are moist and of a vivid red color, the flesh is firm to the touch. The weight of the fish and its firmness indicate a favorable condition of the muscular tissue; but the color of the gills is the best indication of its freshness. When the gills are dark, soft, and flabby, it is probable that the animal has been too long out of water. The red color of the blood is due to the presence of oxygen in the little microscopic blood-corpuscles; and after the blood of any animal has been allowed to stand for some hours it becomes dark, as the oxygen disappears in part and its place is supplied by carbonic acid. If the blood be of a vivid red color this change has not had time to occur; and this is, consequently, a sure test of freshness. The appearance of the eyes, also, is much relied upon by good marketers as a test of the freshness of fish. When a fish has been dead and exposed to the air for a long time, the eyes are shrivelled, opaque, and sunken; while in a fresh fish they are clear, full, and bright.

All fish are in their perfection during the development of the milt or the roe, a little while before they are ready to spawn. Just before or just after spawning, the flesh is softer, there is less fat, and the flavor is very much inferior. In the migratory fish, which are caught only during a particular season, we appreciate the flavor much more keenly when in full season than toward the close of the season, when they are beginning to disappear. The last of the shad are notoriously inferior to those which are taken at the proper time. This is because the fish have accomplished for the season their generative function and have, consequently, become thin and tasteless. Fish, like the different kinds of game, to be eaten in their perfection, should not be taken out of season.

The enumeration even of the varieties of fish consumed by the inhabitants of this continent would be an almost

endless task. This class of animals furnishes to man a greater variety of food than all the rest of the animal kingdom. Almost every locality has its variety of fish which is peculiarly prized. In the city of New York, of course, a great variety is presented, as its market is the centre which receives luxuries from all places from which transportation of perishable articles is practicable. Of the numerous excellent varieties of fish which are to be obtained in this market, we will mention but a few. Some of them seem especially suited for dinner, while others are more appropriate for breakfast.

The salmon is considered by many to be the best of all fish for the table. When in season and in perfect condition, not only is it a fish of most delicious flavor, but the delicate rosy color of the flesh makes it a most attractive dish in appearance. We venture to assert that there are few routine grand dinners in this city in which salmon is not introduced when in season; and yet, in such a place, it is one of the most unphysiological dishes that could be devised. It has always seemed out of place to two have soups and two kinds of fish at a dinner, be it never so elaborate. If we were called upon to decide upon the arrangement of a dinner as a physiological problem, the guests would not have the opportunity of choosing between two articles, either in the service of soup or of fish, but would be expected to go through the dinner from the beginning to the end, partaking of every dish, and that without more than reasonably satisfying the appetite or throwing too much labor upon the digestive organs. But in case it be deemed necessary to introduce salmon at dinner, it should be under one of two conditions—either that the fish be expected to constitute the chief part of the repast, or some lighter fish be provided for those who wish to partake comfortably of the dishes which are to come after. Our reasons for the above statement, which may do violence to the gastronomic sensibilities of some of our readers, are the following: Of all fishes and reptiles salmon, eels, and snails are those which contain the greatest quantity of oleaginous matter. As regards chemical composition, the flesh of salmon is hardly inferior to the meats in the quantity of nutritive material which it contains. Though we by no means desire to be understood as opposing the use of any article of diet simply because it contains a large proportion of solid matter and requires a long time for its digestion—for prolonged digestion does not always indicate difficult digestion—there can be no doubt that an article so solid as salmon should not take the place of the lighter fish in a dinner. The proper place for salmon is at breakfast, when it should be cut into slices and broiled, or for supper, boiled and served cold with salad or *mayonnaise*. When salmon is plenty and cheap, it may be served at dinner, if desired, taking the place of a dish of meat; but it cannot be well taken as a prelude to the meats, except by persons of more than ordinary gastronomic powers and very robust digestion.

For the fish course at dinner the Spanish mackerel, brook-trout, shad, bass, pickerel, yellow-pike, white-fish, king-fish, smelts, and a host of other good fish are proper. Let the fish be perfectly fresh and in season, and well-cooked, and it will not cloy the appetite nor trouble the digestive organs. Fish is one of the most difficult articles to cook delicately and well. Perhaps the most desirable way to cook the ordinary large fish is by boiling. They should generally be put into boiling water which has been well salted. The high temperature of the boiling salt water quickly hardens the exterior, so that the juices do not exude, and the presence of the salt in the water opposes the solution of its nutritive principles. When cooked in this way, however, the flavor must be heightened by sauces, which are made in such infinite variety by cooks. The natural flavor of the most delicate fish, such as Spanish mackerel or shad, seems to be best developed by the process of boiling. The first shad of the season are usually best appreciated when cooked in this manner and eaten without any highly-flavored sauce. Baked fish is very common, but this mode of cooking seems to render both meats and fish tough and hard without developing their peculiar flavors. Physiologists who have devoted any attention to the subject of the preparation of food are pretty generally opposed to baking. This mode of cooking is certainly inferior to broiling or roasting, as regards the development of volatile empyreumatic principles from meat.

Fish is one of the few articles that can, with advantage, be fried. The high temperature to which everything cooked in this way is subjected seems to favor the development of the peculiar flavors of fish. But in frying fish, it should be remembered that the fat should never be absorbed by the muscular tissue. The lard or fat that is used should be very hot, but, of course, never scorched; and the articles to be fried should be protected by a coating of batter, crumbs, or flour, so that the fat really does not touch them.

Some of the best fish are caught in immense numbers at certain seasons of the year, and it is necessary to preserve them for future use by drying, salting, or pickling. In this form the salmon, the mackerel, and the large trout and white-fish from the inland lakes are brought to the market. No one would think of introducing fish thus preserved as a course at a formal dinner, but they may be used at any meal in the place of other animal food. It becomes an important economical question, therefore, to ascertain whether these articles can properly form any considerable part of the regular diet. Analysis of salted fish, after it has been freshened and prepared for cooking, shows that it has lost much of its nutritive matter, and that which remains is modified so that it is hard and indigestible. Salt fish, therefore, cannot properly constitute a large portion of the daily food. Taken in small quantity, as "a relish," with more digestible and nutritious articles, it undoubtedly stimulates the secretion of the digestive fluids; but when it is the only animal substance taken, it must be conjoined with an abundance of bread, butter, and vegetables, or nutrition becomes impaired. The poor cannot depend to any great extent on salt fish, though its cheapness is a great recommendation. In charitable institutions, salt fish may be tolerated one day in the week, but it cannot be used as a frequent article of diet. A good salt mackerel, broiled, makes a fair occasional breakfast; but this alone will not carry a strong man well through the day, and is very different in its nutritive power from a fresh fish of the same species. Salt fish, on the whole, is to be avoided, except when taken with other articles which possess more nutritive material and are more easily digested. It is hardly necessary, however, to warn those who are able to procure all kinds of food of these facts, as the deficiencies in any kind of diet are almost always made up by the consumption of other articles.

Scientific facts would lead us, on the whole, to regard fish as very important in the alimentation of the human race. In one form or another it may be taken at any meal in the day. If we succeed in breeding and fattening fish as perfectly as we may reasonably hope to at some future time, the breeds may be improved and the flavor heightened by particular kinds of food, so as to render fish-culture an important and a useful art. The *bon vivant*, who believes that no dinner is complete without fish in its proper time and place, has some scientific support for this opinion, for nothing but fish can take the place between the soup and the meats. Delicate in flavor, harmless to the appetite, easy of digestion, a fine fish is here in its appropriate place.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, March 9, 1867.

I SENT you a fortnight ago a full account of the sad condition of poor Artemus Ward, and the telegraph and the newspapers long before this letter can appear in your pages will have given you full accounts of his melancholy end. I do not remember at any time so deep and sincere a feeling of regret among literary and artistic men for the loss of one who was so recently a stranger among us. I was saying this the other day to a friend who had been much with him before the worst phase of his illness came on, and his answer was, "We loved the man, as indeed did every one who knew him." I need not send you particulars about his will and such matters, which have all appeared in the papers; but the following private letters from one who was a good deal with him in his last days may perhaps be interesting:

"RADLEY'S HOTEL, Southampton, March 1.

"MY DEAR — I have not yet replied to the questions in the note you put into my hands; nor can I at present, while tending the bedside of our poor friend. He has been unconscious for the last four days, and we are looking for his glance of recognition with a hope which is no better than despair. Yours, etc."

"SOUTHAMPTON, Monday, March 4.

"MY DEAR — I am quite unnerved and unable to write. Poor Artemus still lingers in an unconscious condition. The end is not far off; how near we cannot say. All hope of recovery has been abandoned. I know of no service that you could render him. He knows nobody, and I fear never will again in this world. I am not aware of any harsh feeling that he has ever had towards you, or any one. You are right not to believe so absurd a report. If he ever expressed any, it must have been in one of those delirious moments of which he has had so many lately; but it is false. Your letter is very kind, and I wish that our poor friend were well enough for me to read it to him. Give my regards to Mr. Bayard Taylor when you see him, and my best compliments to Mr. —. Yours, etc."

"RADLEY'S HOTEL, March 6.

"MY DEAR — Artemus Ward died this afternoon at a few minutes past four. He had been unconscious exactly ten days, and was unconscious at his death. Will you please communicate this to Mr. Bayard Taylor? Mr. T. W. Robertson and Mr. Hingston, his old and faithful companions, are appointed executors. Yours in sorrow, —"

These brief notes show, perhaps better than anything I can say, the feeling here about him. The Savage Club,

where he spent so much time while in London, held a meeting yesterday to arrange for the removal of the body to its temporary resting place at Kensal Green Cemetery, where Thackeray and Hood and so many other celebrated men of letters lie buried. It may seem a strange thing that a man should have two funerals; but his English friends, and indeed I may say the literary and artistic world generally, wished to have this opportunity of showing respect to his memory. Of the names of those who attended the meeting yesterday I may mention Mr. Tom Hood, C. Milward, Sella Martin, Henry W. Chapman, A. Hall, Godfrey Turner, Henry C. Gallup, Moncure D. Conway, Henry S. Leigh, Moy Thomas, Charles D. Page, John Parks, J. C. Dalton, Alfred Wilkinson, J. J. Jacobsen, Hiram W. Clark (of San Francisco), W. B. Tegetmeier, O. R. Chase (of Boston, U. S.), H. Corri, Charles Temple Dix, J. R. O'Hara, C. W. Denison (Philadelphia), D. H. Wheeler (of *The Tribune*), Stephen Tucker, General John Love (Indiana), Edward Draper, E. H. Bradford, Walter Wood, Charles Mackay, J. L. Toole, Samuel A. Walker, W. Phillips, Arthur Sketchley, Louis Jullien, Arthur W. a'Beckett, Lawrence Barrett (New York), Henry D. Palmer (New York), C. C. Coffin (Boston), J. A. Coul, T. D. Lockhart (Nevada), A. H. Dixon (San Francisco), Frederick Gwyer, John Hare, Frederick Younge, William Jastyne, E. C. Barnes, William Brunton, J. Camden Hotten, C. W. Quin, and many others. The club determined that no call should be made upon the executors for expenses of the funeral, which will thus have something of a public character. There was some doubt about the delicacy and propriety of this determination, but on the whole it was thought that the feeling which prompted it would not be mistaken.

Half a dozen respectable novelists here have recently been put on their trial by *The Pall Mall Gazette* and *The Athenæum* on various grave charges. Poor Mrs. Wood, the author of *East Lynne*, and Mr. W. G. Wills, the author of *The Love that Kills*, were accused, indeed, of something that looked very like a fraud. As to Mrs. Wood, it was said that she had published two novels as new and original which were, in fact, only old stories published by her in America years ago and just refurbished for the English market. Mr. Wills was the object of a similar charge, except that his original appearance was said to have been in this country. I cannot but think that too much has been made of Mrs. Wood's offence, and I think any one will agree with me who has read her clever and vigorous reply (in point of style it is admirable, its free use of colloquialisms, never in bad taste, telling powerfully) and *The Pall Mall's* rejoinder. You will probably quote her letter in *Literary Digest*, and, therefore, I need only say that her defence is that she published it in 1860 in America for the American reader only, and that no copies could come to this country where she had secured copyright. It was, therefore, new here; and as to her refurbishing, she only did her best to improve it in style and matter, and to invent a better title. I cannot for the life of me see how the English reader has been injured by this. It is true there is no warning, in one instance, at least, that the story had appeared in another form in a Philadelphia newspaper; but it certainly is not customary to say anything about these matters in a three-volume library edition here, even when the work has first appeared in an English periodical. Of course this usage may be bad, but why did not *The Pall Mall* attack Mr. Dickens, Mr. Wilkie Collins, and other offenders in this way? Why pillory poor Mrs. Wood for a milder offence than goes every day unnoticed? As to Mr. Wills, I am afraid it is a bad case; for his publishers affirm that he concealed from them when he sold the book that it had ever appeared before in any form, which, to speak mildly, was hardly fair.

Of the other cases I need only mention that of Miss Muloch. Somebody charged her with taking the plot of her story, *John Bowerbank's Wife*—included in a couple of volumes she has just published under the title of *Two Marriages*—from Mr. Edmund Yates's *Kissing the Rod*. The accuser, by dint of stating the two plots in his own language, did indeed make out a strong case; but Miss Muloch's publishers reply that her manuscript was actually delivered to them and had remained in their possession twelve months prior to publication, and therefore long before the date of the appearance of Mr. Yates's story. This is, of course, conclusive. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*. Mr. Yates must be content. The truth is that our novelists are unreasonably sensitive about coincidences of this kind. I could mention a score of instances. Mr. Dickens's friends once, I remember, accused Mr. Watts Phillips of taking the plot of his play of *The Dead Heart* from that of the *Tale of Two Cities*, and if I remember correctly there was the same answer that the play had been too long in the manager's hands for the charge to be true. So *The Athenæum* once charged the

Poet Laureate with purloining the story of his *Enoch Arden* from a novel written by Mr. Jeaffreson (one of *The Athenæum* staff) and called *Not Dead Yet*. But nothing could be more absurd than charges of this kind. The fact is that in their mere outline the plots of every one of these stories are common property. Who does not know the hero who has been wrongfully incarcerated in the Bastille by some profligate or spiteful noble, and who is found bereft of reason, worm-eaten, mouldy, and covered with cobwebs, like a bottle of "fine old crusted" public-house port, by the insurgents of 1789? And as to Mr. Jeaffreson's idea of a returned convict who finds his "sorter kinder" widowed wife married again, who but a vain author or his editorial friend would ever have thought of claiming a patent for that?

There is a lunatic sort of novel just come out here all about mesmerism and mysteries of that sort, with the title of *Melchior Porles*, by Mr. Aitchenee. Some say it is clever, some say it is silly, some that it is well written, some that it is, in style, the vulgarest trash. If there was any way of coming at the truth without reading it, I would let you know who is right and who is wrong. The author is a new man in literature. People puzzle over his name, which looks odd till you have got the key to it. It is, in fact, a mere attempt to spell the sound of his initials—H. N. B. He is a gentleman at large—a man of good family (a great many would have liked his novel better if they had known that). His name is Henry Nugent Banks. How disgusted Mr. G. H. Lewes will be when he finds me exposing secrets like this, but "Aitchenee" is a provoking hoax.

Anne Judge, *Spinster*, the leading serial fiction in *Cassell's Magazine*, opens well, and promises to be a story of considerable power. The title is not a very attractive one. Somebody said, when it was announced, that if she is the heroine, she ought in the end to marry John Halifax, *Gentleman*—of course, as the theatrical managers say, "by the kind permission of Miss Muloch." The idea is not a bad one, and might be extended. Everybody has admired the skill with which Balzac, Fenimore Cooper, Thackeray, and many other masters of fiction have introduced us to old characters, and given us a fresh interest in them by involving them in new scenes. But none has ever yet thought of a general arrangement among popular novelists for the temporary use of each other's heroes and heroines. There is, I must confess, a sameness about Cooper's Leather Stocking, but that is perhaps only because he always appears in novels by the same hand. Why should not Mr. Yates take the interesting backwoodsman or the last of the Mohicans and "break him to harness" in his fashionable world of characters? Though perhaps this ought only to go on in the case of living authors, that the advantages might be reciprocal. A more vigorous race of characters might justly be expected from a judicious system of "crossing" of this kind.

P. S.—I have just come from the funeral of Artemus Ward, which took place at Kensal Green to-day at two P.M. A very large gathering, both of English and Americans, were there to witness the ceremony, including nearly all the members of the Savage Club. The chief mourners were Messrs. Hingston, Milward, Robertson, T. Hood, Godfrey Turner, and Brunton, the artist. The day was fine. A number of ladies were present. It was remarked with surprise that not only the editor but nearly every writer connected with *Punch*, to which periodical Artemus Ward contributed almost from the time of his arrival here, were absent. When the coffin—lowered, I suppose, by machinery—slowly sank into the Catacombs, where it is to await its removal, the scene was very striking and impressive, all present gathering closely around to take a last look at it. After the service a touching address was delivered by Mr. Moncure Conway, who was followed by Dr. Spencer Hall, who spoke in brief but very eloquent words, on behalf of the English present, in memory of the man who, as Dr. Hall said, "had so often made friends laugh, but never until now had made us grieve." I have no time to say more. Q.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

ENGLISH.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON made it obligatory on the college which he founded that the occupant of the chair of modern languages should deliver a special course of lectures on the Anglo-Saxon. Upon Dr. Schele de Vere this duty has fallen, and the present volume

* *Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language.* By M. Schele de Vere, LL.D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

shows how conscientiously and laboriously he has been fulfilling the task. We do not mean by this that the author has given us mere copies of the lectures delivered to his classes. His book is rather a collection of the learning and facts which he has gathered to serve as the notes for his oral teaching. It is, consequently, less voluminous than the works of Mr. Marsh. On the other hand, it is not like Dean Trench's books—a little treatise limited to a part of the subject. It is all compacted within a duodecimo volume, but the volume is full of matter. The style is simple, straightforward, unambitious, and, in fact, the author limits himself so entirely to instructing his reader rather than displaying himself that his transitions from one topic to another are somewhat abrupt. There is scarce a superfluous word in the book. Within the limits of this duodecimo volume, Dr. Schele de Vere manages to give us a very complete history of the growth of the English language, and, notwithstanding his modest alternative title of *Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language*, to afford us a very clear insight of its true grammar—orthography, etymology, and some syntax. He agrees with what has been heretofore advanced in our columns, to wit, that an English grammar has never yet been written. The books which are used in our schools are mere efforts to make our language seem like, in its construction, to Latin, Greek, French, or its nearer relation, German. The truth is, English is an idiom sui generis, as men of other tongues find to their cost when trying to acquire it. The English had, of course, parent languages from which it sprung; so, too, Napoleon had a father and mother. Nevertheless, our idiom may claim, as he did, and in the same sense as he did, to be its own ancestor. Its claims to this self-made character are sufficiently proven by citing one marked peculiarity. Both its parent languages have cases for nouns, i. e., inflections or changes in the spelling to indicate the relation in which the noun stands in a sentence to the other words. The Anglo-Saxon has four well-defined cases; the Latin has six. The English throws aside all these cases except one form of the Anglo-Saxon genitive—*es*, written by us *'s*. The Anglo-Saxon, like the Latin, had more than one way of forming the genitive; one applicable to one class of nouns, others to other classes. But the English language, finding it cannot do without a genitive, makes the matter as simple as possible by adopting only one of these forms for universal application. So, also, it discards inflections to mark the moods, tenses, and number in verbs, though this method of conjugating was common to both the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. The English, with its fondness for simplicity, preferred to bring in the short auxiliary verbs, to be prefixed to all verbs alike, and retained of inflections only the few it could not dispense with, namely one change in form, sometimes two, to indicate all the past tenses, and one for the participle. In fact, what grammarians call the regular mark of the past tense, to wit, the termination *ed*, is not strictly an inflection, but an abbreviated form of the auxiliary verb *did*—as *ask-ed* for *ask did*.

It is evident that Dr. Schele de Vere admires and loves the idiom of which he is treating, and that even its rough and irregular points of character commend themselves to him as signs of strength. The reader can feel, notwithstanding his simple style, the exultation with which he recounts the successive efforts of the Latin, with great advantages on its side, to extinguish the native tongues of England, as it superseded the Celtic in France, and the persistent successful resistance of the home languages. He gives three periods at which the Latin had reason to expect it might establish itself there as on the continent. The first was when the Romans held possession of Britain and built in it flourishing cities; the native tongue was then Celtic, not Saxon, and so successfully did the old Gaelic resist the idiom of the conqueror, that when the Romans departed they left but two of their own words behind them incorporated into the native tongue, to wit, *colonia* and *castrum*. Again, when the Saxon had superseded the Celtic, the Latin was brought in by the Church. Priests from the south of Europe, more learned than any of the natives, bore away for awhile, forcing upon the people Latin prayers, Latin chants, Latin religious books; but at a very early period the people insisted upon Saxon priests and Saxon in the ritual. Ritualistic terms then used came down to later periods, to prove that even in church ceremonies the Saxons used their own language, and that too in instances where the modern Englishman substitutes Latin or Greek terms. *Fullan*, to wash white or purify (still applied by us to the *fulling* process of our factories), was their word for *baptize*. Even in Wycliffe's time the word *resurrection* had not yet come to be used; the term used in his Bible is *agenrysing*. A third time

the Latin came, in the garb of Norman-French, enforced by conquerors who, unlike the Romans, were not sojourners, but who were to dwell in the land forever. It was made the court language, the language of the law, and its use in general was prescribed and enforced both by law and fashion. Yet in less than three hundred years after the Conquest the Saxon idiom was again uppermost. What Latin it adopted it shaped to its own liking. One or two attempts have been made to Latinize the English tongue through literary influence. In the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. there was a wide-spread affectation of Latin among authors. Yet this is the very period in which English secured its permanent triumph by means of King James's version of the Bible, the *Prayer Book*, and *Shakespeare*. At a later period Dr. Johnson imposed on the world his sonorous sentences of Latinized English. Pedagogues may still commend the doctor's style as a model for their pupils; but out in the world the power of an orator to hold his audience or of a writer to command the attention of his readers is found, other things being equal, to be in direct proportion to his ability to address them in monosyllabic English. Scholars and unpractised writers may continue to favor polysyllabic words from the Latin and Greek; but the people, even under universal education, will persist in talking English.

The tendency of our language is always towards brevity and simplicity; to saying things in the fewest words and in words of the fewest syllables. Monosyllables it loves above all. This fondness for monosyllables, though a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, is still much stronger in the English. Our verbs to *love*, *bake*, *beat*, *slide*, *swim*, *bind*, *blow*, *brev*, *climb*, and the like, were, in the Anglo-Saxon, dissyllables. Adopting words, whether from the Latin or Greek, or from the Anglo-Saxon, the English tongue cuts them down to the briefest shape. A marked instance is our word *alms*; on first view one would take it, from its monosyllabic form, for a Saxon word, and a plural at that. It is neither the one nor the other. It is simply the Greek word, which we use in its full form as *eleemosynary*, contracted first into *almesse* and afterwards into *alms*. The same tendency to brevity manifests itself in our way of speaking; no people clip their vowels so short as we do. It has also shown itself in rendering the final *e* in English always mute; in Chaucer, most frequently, the final *e* must be sounded as a separate syllable to make out the verse. To this tendency to brevity we owe, in great part, the prevalence of the hissing sound by the frequent use of *s* which mars to foreign ears the euphony of English. *Talketh* and *walketh* have given way to *talks* and *walks*, and plural terminations in *en* to the shorter *s*. There are some singular exceptions to this rule of discarding unnecessary syllables. We find instances of syllables added to lengthen a word where there is not the slightest need of them. The plurals *children* and *brethren*, now contracted into *children* and *brethren*, have, in fact, a double plural form, for *brether* is itself plural of *brother*, and *childer* of *child*. So a more modern innovation has added an unnecessary syllable to some words in the singular, such as *fruiterer*, *sorcerer*, *poulterer*; here *er*, which signifies the man who deals in such things as the root word expresses, is needlessly and inelegantly repeated; the simple and correct *poulter* is found in Shakespeare. This termination *er* is strictly masculine, being from *ver*, a man; and *fruiterer* means simply *fruit man*, a form of expression which is not uncommon nowadays. It is a most whimsical use of this *er* to add it to a feminine noun as in *widower*, making a male widow. But the language despises rules. The feminine termination to correspond with *er* was *ster* or *stre*. So that *brester* was a man who brewed ale, and *brester* a woman of like occupation. All these distinctions have been done away with, and the termination *ster* preserves its feminine quality in our day only in *spinster* and *sister*. Among the words which we are now using in defiance of rules are *garden* and *stocking*, both of which are really plurals, the first of *gard* or *yard*, the second a mere corruption of *stocken*, the plural of *stock*. So that the vulgarism *garding* is no worse than *stocking*. A word which few of us would suspect of being a plural is *velkin*, which is from *vele* or *vole*, now obsolete, meaning a cloud.

Dr. Schele de Vere's chapters upon names, their derivation and corruptions, afford amusement as well as knowledge. The high-sounding name of *Vikings*, by which we know the Norse invaders of England, has nothing royal about it, but being derived from *vele* or *vle*, meaning places near the sea, signifies simply that the Vikings were 'long-shore-men'. The delicate way Americans have of naming the Devil as *Old Scratch* is genuine old English, *Scratto* being a term applied by the Danes to one of their wicked wood-spirits. The chapter on *How nouns are abused* shows, by a long list of amusing examples, how utterly unscrupulous is the English idiom in apply-

ing the shortening process to terms which it adopts from more sonorous dialects. It is very unsafe to assume of an English word that, because it is a monosyllable, it is therefore Saxon. *Scum* has a good hearty Saxon sound; yet it is the French *écume*. *Pin* is French and so is *cheat*, being in either case one syllable of the original word picked out from among its neighbors and retained in use as all that was thought necessary. *Fatigue*, though still used, is giving way fast to its shorter form, *fag*, much more expressive to an English ear. The Latin *hilariter et celeriter* (gayly and quickly) is transformed into *heller-skeller*. The English phrase, *top-side t' other way*, becomes *topsy-turvy*. And so much more powerful are the talkers than the writers that the latter are obliged to recognize such utterly unscholarly terms as *hocus-pocus*, *heller-skeller*, *topsy-turvy*. *Quinsy* is Greek and of the same compounds as *synagogue*, meaning to draw together; it was first *synanche*, then corrupted into *quinancy*, then into *quinsy*. What in one generation are slang abbreviations, become in the next recognized words. How could we do without *prim*, which was originally a slang cutting short of *primitive*? *Dormir comme une taupe*, to sleep like a mole, has become *sleep like a top* from a whimsical translation of all the words except the last, so that the sentence, as adopted by us, was three parts English and one part French. The fable of Whittington and a cat serves to keep in mind an obsolete word for trade, *achat*, from the French *acheter*, but with the *ch* pronounced hard. The same word *acheter*, mispronounced with the hard *ch*, was corrupted into our *caterer*. *Treacle*, now applied only to molasses or its syrup, was originally viper's flesh made into a confection by physicians as a cure for the reptile's own bite; called in French *thériaque*, from a corresponding Greek word. *Saunterers* were once pilgrims to the Holy Land, *Sainte Terre*, who, it was found, took their time about it. *Knaves* used to be very honest youth of the masculine gender; *brats* were blessed little children; *gossips* were god-mothers, relations so sacred that they were *God-sib*, akin to God; and knights were not above our boot-blacks in the dignity of their duties.

Another peculiarity of our idiom is that it hates adjectives. It has very few of native stock, and when it adopts them from other languages it shows so little respect for their original meaning as often to assign to them almost the opposite sense. Often, too, if retaining the original meaning, it reverts itself for so much compliance by coining a second form of the same word to express some lower quality. Thus, the fine word *gentle* has given rise to the pretentious *genteel* and to the sneering *jaunty*. Rather than have adjectives proper, it prefers boldly to put nouns in an adjective sense alongside of other nouns, in defiance of the grammarians' rules. We used to say *golden*, *brazen*, *oaken*, *earthen*, *silken*, and the like, but we now say *gold watch*, *brass ornaments*, *oak floors*, *earth-works*, a *silk dress*, and so on; still further back, we used to say *stonen* and *bricken*. When we mean a bottle-like nose, we say a *bottle nose*. It is the same economy as that which prompts us to use one form for both the noun and the verb, as *love*, *hate*, the nouns, become good verbs in *I love*, *I hate*. What is the use of two forms when one is sufficient for both purposes? The Latin, with its form of *amor* for the noun and *amo* for the verb, makes itself no better understood.

We cannot do justice to Dr. Schele de Vere's book within the limits of one notice, and purpose returning to it. Meantime, we can conscientiously commend it to those of our readers who seek to understand the language they are speaking; its history, its spirit, and its peculiarities. The value of the book is not merely for its first reading. It will always be of great use as a book of reference; the glossary and index are so well arranged that you can find any topic as readily as you can find a word in the dictionary. Much, of course, that Dr. Schele de Vere tells us has been told before by others. But all the matter that can throw light upon the character of the English language is so well arranged, with so little waste of phrases and words, as to make it, in our judgment, the best text-book for those who would get at the nature of the English idiom, an idiom which has thus far defied all the efforts of grammarians, whether to prescribe rules for it or to draw out its own rules, if it have any, into intelligible shape.

THE NEW YORK STAGE.*

IN discussing the state of the drama in America, by which we mean its modified, exceptional, or transitional state, and those points of difference wherein its decline, if declining it really be, varies from those which attend its condition in the mother country—there is one

* *Records of the New York Stage, from 1750 to 1860.* By Joseph N. Ireland. In two volumes. Vol. I. New York: T. H. Morrell, 1860.

most important consideration which, as it appears to us, receives altogether inadequate attention. The decline of the drama signifies, in the minds of most people who use the phrase, an increasing apathy, a pervading lack of interest about seeing the plays which constitute the classics of English dramatic literature fitly represented by educated and experienced actors. This is attributed by some to deficiencies in the actors themselves. The old school, so called, is said to be, and no doubt is, dying out from among us, and its members are leaving no worthy successors. A taste for opera, for burlesque, for ballet, for gorgeous scenery, and the other more sensual gratifications of the stage have superseded, it is said, the taste for good acting, and the retrogression is yearly becoming more marked and unmistakable. Shakespeare is still acted, it is true, and to crowded audiences; but this applies almost exclusively to the tragedies, and is due nearly always to the attraction of some single very popular performer. People go for the most part to hear and see this favored artist rather than to hear and see Shakespeare. What are called the good old comedies become year by year less attractive. Here and there a carefully selected company, under exceptional circumstances, may suggest an apparent exception; but every one knows it is an exception, and that the rule works the other way. Some attribute this state of things to the march of education, saying that books and newspapers now supply the teaching in manners, rhetoric, and poetry which was formerly supplied by the theatre. Others regard it as due to the railways and increased travel, which kill the provincial stage, by making the public discontented with whatever falls short of the easily witnessed metropolitan standards. The former explanation has weight both in England and America; and the latter is probably sounder in the older country than in our own, by reason of its petty distances. It is claimed again that moral and religious influences have been working potentially against the stage, so as materially to favor its neglect and decay. To this hypothesis we attach little importance, partly because, in the main, theatres have been of late years much purified—so far as the abuses formerly associated with their auditoriums are concerned—both in the United States and Great Britain; and partly because the class of entertainments which are most decidedly objectionable to good morals are notoriously the most attractive and successful in both countries, while plays not obnoxious to such censure fail to attract almost in the same ratio. The problem is probably not a simple but a complicated one, and no single solution will be found satisfactory. It is easy to blame the actors, but in the face of obvious experience it is only partly fair to do so. The function of the press is a vast and increasing one, but it cannot entirely do away with the peculiar function of the drama. Other entertainments, musical or otherwise sensual, may attract and temporarily divert the sympathies of the play-going public, but they cannot permanently supply the place of the stage or usurp its office. To find causes for the decadence of the American theatre, at least, we must go further and deeper than we have yet gone; and in doing so we come upon the consideration to which at the outset we have alluded.

This consideration—which refers more particularly to comedy, whose essential purpose is "to hold the mirror up to nature," and "to show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure"—is that English comedy no longer furnishes any reflection or transcript of our own social life, its usages, degrees, or observances; that the people who witness it are unable from their experience to test the merit or accuracy of its representation; and that, consequently, commencing perhaps as far back as the Revolution, its hold upon the popular sympathies has necessarily and constantly been loosened, so that we now see it with scarcely a vestige of influence over them at all. Interesting plots and humorous or affecting situations beget a certain interest, of course, in English plays just as they do in English novels; but we must remember that the latter come to us with a decided stamp of authenticity which has a powerful bearing upon their average success. In the same way so long as our divergence from English habits and English life was slight, from the proximity of the rupture, and so long as we continued to import English actors, who filled almost exclusively the important rôles, the situation was manifestly different; but this state of things has been constantly changing. As time wears on the proportion of English actors to the whole number employed in our theatres becomes necessarily less and less; as time wears on we become necessarily more national and less provincial. The number of persons in the mass of our audiences who have any real knowledge of English society or any particular interest in it grows fewer and fewer. Characters are now represented in old comedies in what may be called an Americanized fashion which half a century ago would

not have been tolerated; of course there are noticeable exceptions, but they are only exceptions. This probably inevitable result may have advantages, but that of being true to nature is not among them. It is, no doubt, true that the traditional conventionalities have been kept up and disseminated by the better educated leaven of our importations; but even this modifying influence is plainly and inevitably on the decrease. The proportion of cultivated comedians in England itself is on the decrease; and the exigencies of our theatres demand a larger supply than could, in view of our population, be furnished if the situation in England were other than it is. To illustrate this we have only to remember that we have no Charles Kembles, no John Vandenhoffs, in our time, to revive elegant traditions and set the standard for *Dorick* and *Mirabels* and *Townleys* to copy. We have had no actress capable of high comedy within the memory of the rising generation. The heroes of the standard plays, enacted for the most part by representatives who have never seen anything in the remotest degree resembling the characters they essay to simulate, and without models from whom they might even copy at second-hand, have thus been reduced to the necessity of constructing ideals of their own from heterogeneous materials, which are neither approximately accurate in themselves, nor, although both audience and actor may imagine otherwise, either edifying or satisfactory.

Through processes like these Charles Courtly appears indifferently as a Wall Street broker or a shopman at Stewart's; Sir Harcourt is presented as a sort of retired *roué* hotel-keeper; Max Harkaway becomes a western farmer; Dazzle, a Broadway faro-banker; Lady Gay Spanker, a phase of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken; Grace Harkaway, a fashionable milliner, and so on. All this may be very natural, but it is not art. It may satisfy the audience, but it teaches them nothing; or rather it teaches them what is altogether false, distorted, and mischievous. No doubt the picture, as applied to some performances, is overdrawn; but it fairly illustrates the tendency, which, with time, must gain more and more emphasis. Now, appreciation for what is really noble, true, and faithful in the drama, must, like the feeling for good books, pictures, or journals, percolate originally from the higher and more discerning intelligences in the community. The multitude may not know why a given art languishes, but the reason usually is because there is nothing in it for the higher intelligences to approve and foster. We have here a partial explanation, at least, of the decline of our taste for comedy, and substantially of the decline of our stage. It is no longer approved and sustained by the best educated and most highly cultured. There are no real standards, and the crowd merely run after what pleases their taste for the moment, reckless or ignorant of its intrinsic quality; and the managers very naturally and reasonably cater for the multitude. Plainly, the interest in a stage can only be conventional, temporary, a matter of evanescent fashion, when the speech, situations, and interests of the characters of the drama are utterly foreign to the sympathies, tastes, and acquaintance of the audience; and the attempt to bridge the chasm by naturalizing the characters, so to speak, merely produces an effect of incongruity which is fatal to interest and directly opposed to the true purpose—as described by Shakespeare—of the stage. If this evil, which we have thus imperfectly described, is correctly conceived to exist, and if it in truth constitutes a sound reason for the decay of sound histrionic taste as regards our theatre, its effects will continue to be manifested so long as the cause remains unmodified. In other words, the remedy and the sole remedy lies in what, with the fulness of time, we may hope to attain—a true National Drama.

We have been led into making these observations by a perusal of Mr. Ireland's very modest and very valuable *Records of the New York Stage*, the first volume of which is now before us. Another volume, we are told, is to follow, but the present one ranges from 1750—the year of the arrival of Hallam's company—down to 1806. The records, that is to say, are not brought exhaustively to the latter date, but there occur natural and apparently necessary discussions pertaining to individuals which extend as far. Mr. Ireland formally commences his history with 1750, but agrees with others—with Judge Daly more particularly—in assigning the year 1733 as the one in which the first nominally theatrical performance took place in New York. The first regular dramatic season undoubtedly was in 1750, the theatre being in Nassau Street, not far from the present office of this journal. The first play, which appears to have been Cibber's Shakespeare's *Richard Third*, was enacted on the 5th of March that year. Mr. Ireland's account of the circumstances whereby he was led to his undertaking is pleasingly and characteristically modest. He had been for nearly forty

years in the daily habit of recording the dramatic events of the metropolis. In 1853 he furnished some theatrical sketches for *The Evening Mirror* which were favorably received, and he was subsequently induced by the solicitations of friends, who had a higher opinion than the author himself entertained of the value of his collections, to publish them in their present form. The volume now issued is substantially a chronological account—some what after the manner of the *Biographia Dramatica*, but more extended in *notabilia*—of all theatrical events in New York up to the Park season of 1831-2; and for purposes of reference it fills a niche occupied by no previous work. It is very beautifully printed by the Bradstreet press, and published—the edition being limited to 260 copies—by Mr. T. H. Morrell. Sketches of the lives and talents of a great number of conspicuous performers, and of some less known, are interspersed through 663 pages, and the author deserves to be very highly complimented for the care, moderation, and conscientiousness of which his task presents abundant and satisfactory evidence.

We have left ourselves little space in the present notice to discuss Mr. Ireland's work in detail, but whoever will give it examination will find curious corroboration of our views respecting the decline of the English drama, properly so-called, from the beginning of the present century up to the present time. A comparison of the range of plays presented, almost without interruption, during the first century of the history of the New York stage with those of the past fifteen years, will show a pretty steady decrease in the performances of standard comedy and a proportionate increase of "show pieces," extravaganzas, adaptations from the French, and other deterioratives which are the sure signs of falling dramatic health and attenuated vitality. The performances at most of our leading theatres to-day, so far as the intellectual character of the text is concerned, are as inferior to those of a hundred years ago as the houses in which they are offered are superior in size, cost, and convenience. It may undoubtedly be urged—except, perhaps, so far as the latter clause is concerned—that much the same stricture may be passed upon the London as upon the New York stage. We have already indicated one striking feature of difference in their respective situations, but we may add our belief that a love of the drama is really stronger and more vital in America than in England, and this notwithstanding the very strong theological opposition which here has been arrayed against it. The odd manner in which "museums," "academies," "atheneums," and the like have been devised among us to evade the interdiction levelled against theatres proper is of itself a proof of the strong inclination which exists in America for dramatic representation. We see no good reason why, properly directed, with an international copyright law and the consequent encouragement of native playwrights, such a taste may not lead to results beneficial to letters and wholesome for society; but, for the reasons stated, we do not believe that the school of English comedy can ever be healthily acclimated on a soil where political and social conditions are essentially opposed to it and where, therefore, the elements are conspicuously deficient for its healthful growth and permanent development.

LIBRARY TABLE.

The Restoration of Relief. By Isaac Taylor. A new edition, revised, with an additional section. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1867.—We recollect well the interest and discussions as to authorship excited by this work when it first appeared anonymously in successive parts. It is, in some respects, the most original work on the general subject of the Christian evidences which has been produced in England during the present generation. We, therefore, welcome most cordially this new edition with its additional section on the present position of the argument concerning Christianity, as it appears in the *Vie de Jésus* by Renan. (Why does this book print Renan's name as Rénan?)

The force of the work consists in its planting the argument for Christianity upon the historic ground—upon the historic fact of the incarnation of Christ and his testimony—rather than upon any abstract or partial lines of argument. Thus, Mr. Taylor says (p. 17): "Belief and history God has joined, nor shall man, to the end of time, succeed in effecting a divorce. Religion, disjoined from history, is a flickering candle held in the hand of one who looks back upon utter darkness behind him and looks into the blackness of darkness in front of him." "Christianity," he says at another point (pp. 305-6), "cannot maintain its ground" as long as Christian apologists take up a position upon "the outworks," apart from "that principal truth which forms the substance of the gospel." And the general testimony of history he regards as so clear that he declares (p. 364), "All things mundane I must regard as a troubled dream, all history must become as an incoherent myth, if it be not certain that the Christ of the Gospels is a reality, and the incidents of his life in the strictest sense historical."

Besides the general introductory matter and laying out

of the plan, this work treats in the second part of the supernatural element contained in the epistles, and its bearing on the argument; and, in the third part, of the miracles of the Gospels in their relation to the principal features of the Christian scheme. The great point made is this: that the supernatural has appeared as a matter of fact in the person of Christ, and that this can be proved as truly and in the same general way as we establish any other historic fact. "The alliance of the historical and the supernatural which it [Christianity] offers to our view, is not an instance of mere adhesion but of indissoluble cohesion." Of a part of the argument, we have the following comprehensive summary (pp. 226-7):

"I. A distinct individuality, in the historic sense of the word, presents itself in the person of the four Gospels. All the world feels this, and has felt it in every age.

"II. By the consent of mankind or the involuntary suffrage of Christianized nations, ancient and modern, a perfect individual idea, combining the intellectual and moral qualities of One who is wise and good and who is possessed of superhuman power and authority, is embodied in the four Gospels.

"III. This harmony, or, as we call it, beauty of character, in which there is no distortion and with which nothing is mingled that is incoherent, is spread over the entire surface of the evangelic narratives, embracing the supernatural incidents of the life of Christ not less than the natural. In these narratives no seams or joints can be discerned, showing where the spurious portion has been spliced on to the genuine; but—

"IV. If we reject Christianity as true in its own sense, that is to say, as attested by miracles, then we must solve the problem before us by means of one of two suppositions, or of some other not essentially differing from the one or the other, each of which, as it comes in turn to be considered, is inadmissible and insufferable. These suppositions are either that no historic reality whatever has formed the substratum of the Gospel history; in this case a perfect individuality has sprung out of a congeries of illusions; or, the merely natural portions of the evangelic history being true, the supernatural portions have been imagined, contrived, and fitted to their places with so profound a skill as to defy all power of criticism to trace the joinings.

"Let Christianity solve its own problem in its own way, and then we stand clear of all endless perplexities—having before us, in perfect symmetry, the Christ of God, the Saviour of the world.

"Let Christianity solve its own problem in its own way, and then not only does this perfect congruity ensue, connecting the personal character of Christ with his miraculous acts, but a congruity connecting also these miracles with the great scheme of which they are the adjuncts."

Some of the points are managed with marked acuteness. The main object is, of course, to find some certain historical standing-ground; this, he says, could be done, even if we had not a single one of the canonical writings; and still more, if it be conceded that we have only four or five of the apostolic epistles. "Allow me anywhere good anchor-hold in the roadstead of apostolicity, and it is enough." As to finding this, he argues there can be no doubt, even from the concessions of ultra critics. They object, for example, to a given epistle that it is not "Pauline" in phrase and style; the forgery is good, only it is not quite up to the mark. What then? Why, of course, there is a Pauline style which the critic is very sure of. "This Pauline style is, then, an historic reality, and as such I want nothing more; it is distinct and distinguishable," etc. (p. 121).

Like all of Mr. Taylor's writings, this work abounds in pregnant suggestions thrown in almost casually. The style is involved, at times almost heavy, but heavy because over-loaded with thought; its very heaviness increases its momentum. The book is worthy of study.

The Initials. By Baroness Tautphoeus. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1867.—We have seldom had occasion to welcome a reprint with more unqualified satisfaction; it comes to us like a friend who won the admiration of our earlier days, and the appreciation of whose worth the experience of maturer years confirms. At the time of its first publication here this work was much read and excited considerable interest and high praise. The style is easy, fluent, and occasionally picturesque, and the variety of incident, minuteness of detail, fidelity of delineation, and marked individuality of the several characters prove the accurate observation of the authoress as well as her excellent powers of description.

The Initials is a narrative of events occurring in everyday life in Germany, and is at once interesting, amusing, and in all respects probable; young people can get nothing but good from reading it, while those of all ages may profit by some of its lessons. The plot of the story is very simple, and consists mainly of the experiences of a young Englishman who travels in Germany for the purpose of acquiring the language and, at the same time, of gaining some worldly knowledge. And his supposed ignorance of everything concerning the country he is visiting affords the authoress an opportunity of imparting information concerning the opinions, government, and domestic habits of the dwellers in that land.

That Hamilton, with his pride of family and great expectations, should fall in love with a handsome German girl without any social position may not seem to be improbable, but that his admiration should be enduring to the extent of sacrificing his own prospects in life by marrying her, would, at the first glance, appear doubtful, and yet the reader who has noted throughout the high moral tone, the strength of Hildegard's intellect, her refinement, accomplishments, and extreme beauty must feel that the character of Hamilton rises in dignity from his appreciation of hers, and cannot fail to recognize the sterling qualities which render him not only capable of self-sacrifice, but worthy of her devotion. On one occasion Hamilton accompanies Baron Z. on a target-shooting excursion, and on their arrival at the village they find that a rustic wedding is about to take place:

"Baron Z.'s brewery supplied the place with beer, and it was, as he informed Hamilton, in the character of a brewer and his friend that they that day appeared. They were, however, persons of considerable importance, as Hamilton soon discovered, for the marriage had been delayed until their arrival, and the gay procession was then first formed, with which, preceded by loud music, in which a flagellator contended in vain with a couple of horses for predominance, they marched to the church. Hamilton, on perceiving that all the men had large bouquets of flowers, and streaming ribbons in their hats, immediately decorated his with *Alpenrosen*. As to Baron Z., whether he, nor any other of the numerous gentlemen who came in the course of the day to shoot, could be distinguished at a little distance from the peasants. The strong shoes, worsted stockings, black breeches, leather belts with their curiously worked initials, loose grey shooting-

jackets, and slouched hats with black cock feathers, were common to all. A nice observer might, perhaps, have discovered a difference in the materials, but even that was generally avoided. If ever a German nobleman feels that those who are not in his class are equal, or superior to him, it is at a *Scheiben-Schiessen*. There the best shot is the best man."

Feasting and dancing occupy some hours, during which time Hamilton was a pleased looker-on:

"Here for the first time Hamilton saw the real *Ländler* danced—the waltz in all its nationality—as unlike anything he had ever heard so denominated as could well be imagined. It was a German fandango with nauted shoes instead of castanets, but there was life, energy, and enjoyment in every movement. The origin of the name of waltz for this dance is from *walzen*, to turn round, and this the dancers did regularly, though not quickly when together, but they often separated, and then the movements were as uncertain as various, accompanied on the part of the men by the snapping of fingers, clapping their knees with both hands, and springing in the air while ever and anon they uttered a piercing peculiar cry, something between shouting and singing. During the time the men performed these wild gesticulations, their partners walked on demurely before them, and when they joined each other again, it was usually with a few decided foot-stampings that they recommenced their rotary motions."

From this scene Hamilton strolls off into the garden to hear the singers and zither players, who regale him with songs dating back to the twelfth century. There are no bad people in the book with one exception, and he is a sort of melodramatic villain whose career is short, and whose exit from the scene is a great relief. We could wish that, like the Baroness Tautphoeus, other ladies with talent for authorship would abandon the lurid light of sensationalism for an atmosphere at once wholesome, invigorating, and natural.

The Diamond Cross: A Tale of American Society. By William Barnett Phillips. New York: Hiltion & Co. 1867.—A certain freshness and vigor often atones to us for grave faults in writers whose fervid imaginations have evidently not been chastened by that scholastic discipline which sometimes, in truth, deadens the intellect it should brighten. The interest of events in a sensational story carries us along spite of the rough grammatical jolts we occasionally get, while the graceful sentences of numerous classical essayists, who are so continually polishing their elegant platitudes, often send us to sleep.

In *The Diamond Cross* Mr. Phillips has contrived to steer clear of Scylla and Charybdis, to miss equally vigor and polish, and to offer us pages of platitudes couched in singularly inelegant phraseology. He evidently wishes both to instruct and to amuse, and fails signally to do either; unless, indeed, he does the latter unintentionally in certain curious dialogues between the hero and heroine. It carries us back to the days when we used to read dreary old novels of the Laura Matilda order to come upon such love-making as this:

"As I sat silent a few minutes ago, and looked at the sun sinking beneath the horizon, I thought of your departure, and I said to myself this will be, the genial light which for a brief period has shone upon me and made me happy, pass away from my sight, and perhaps for ever. And when I turned my head and saw the shadows of night gathering in the east, following inevitably the declining course of the bright orb, my heart sank within me, and I reflected that so would my soul become overshadowed with gloom and without, even the hope of returning day. Yes, a long night of darkness began already to settle over me, when your fond words came like the morning's auroral dawn of promise, full of hope and comfort."

"Your language, dear Laura, fills my heart with joy," Mosely said; "all doubts are now dispelled. Yes I will be the sunlight of your existence; and you shall be like the smiling morn to inspire and bless me in the paths of duty and usefulness, and as the calm evening to give me sweet repose and happiness. I have found the treasure I longed for, and for which I searched in vain till now. You are more charming than the most felicitous creations of the imagination, and to be loved by you is bliss indeed."

"Your image has been indelibly impressed upon my soul from the first day I saw you at Niagara. Neither absence nor the efforts of my reason, when I believed you loved another, would erase it. You were present to my mind in my slumbers at night, and the bright vision left me not in the day. I could never break the charm, though I struggled against my passion and believed it hopeless. You can comprehend, then, the happiness I feel at this moment. And now, my dear Laura, I would fain remain with you, and I shall leave with great regret; but duty calls me away."

"My illness has kept me from engagements I ought to have met some time since, though I am thankful for the accident that detained me, since that has been the means of assuring me of your love. Let not your heart be troubled; we part only for a short time; we shall soon meet again."

"Why could I not enjoy this new-born happiness without alloy?" she answered. "But as I cannot, your cheering words, that 'we shall soon meet again,' shall be my solace during the dreary days of your absence, and the remembrance of this joyful hour will comfort me."

"We shall soon meet again," shall be the talisman I will wear near my heart while I live in hope of the future."

"They were unconscious of the flight of time during such sweet intercourse until warned by the darkness that it was necessary to return to the house."

A greater portion of the book is devoted to political discussions—if so they can be termed—between a Frenchman who has just come to the country and an American who perpetually instructs him in all matters, social and political. This device for setting forth an author's views is apt to become tedious unless managed with a tact which is not too common. Mr. Phillips exhibits a remarkable absence of that valuable quality, and, writing on such subjects with rather more ease than he evinces in the novelist's legitimate province, he abandons himself unmercifully to the pleasure of instructing, and of course becomes wearisome. The mistakes in spelling which disfigure almost every page do not necessarily reflect discredit on Mr. Phillips; but, if we exonerate him, we must severely condemn the carelessness of his proof-reader. Altogether, if the author of *The Diamond Cross* is to be placed—as from the publishers' advertisement we learn that *The Herald* says he is—on "the line with Cooper and Irving," public taste will have undergone a mutation which it would not be easy, without using disagreeable language, to describe.

The Indigestives; or, Diseases of the Digestive Organs Functionally Treated. By Thomas King Chambers, M.D., etc. American reprint. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1867.—Dr. Chambers is well known in this country as a physician imbued with those modern progressive views which are now effecting a revolution in the treatment of disease, and as the author of an admirable volume of clinical lectures. The present work is an amplification of one published in 1856, which has long been out of print,

and which was marked by the same good sense that distinguishes the treatise before us.

The subjects now considered are those which relate to the several forms of dyspepsia, besides a chapter on the habits of social life leading to indigestion, and another on the nervous diseases connected with this condition. It is pleasant for those of us who have good appetites to be told that the habit of eating too little is as promotive of dyspepsia as an inordinate indulgence in the pleasures of the table. It would be a curious item of statistics if we could ascertain how many stomachs are irretrievably ruined each year by abstinence during Lent. That debility, palpitation of the heart, chlorosis, and various nervous disorders are induced by prolonged fasting during this season, every physician knows. Doubtless the fisheries are encouraged; but of what importance are fisheries compared to the effect produced upon the world by dyspepsia and its attendant evils? The world is underfed. Diseases which formerly required depletion now demand stimulants and tonics, simply because we have not the stamina of our ancestors. Children especially are starved. Instead of being nourished on good milk, beefsteak, eggs, and buttered toast, they languish on slops and panada. Their constitutions and their stomachs are ruined at the same time, and if they live at all they grow up and are cut down before their prime.

Among other causes of indigestion the author cites tight lacing, and with the quotation of a lively anecdote, illustrative of his and a celebrated artist's opinion, we conclude what we have to say of his admirable book:

"One wet winter day at Florence I had been spending the morning in the studio of a sculptor of world-wide reputation. We had discussed the proportions of female beauty, and I felt that I was sitting at the feet of a thinker as well as an *elegans feminarum* spectator. In the evening we met at a hospitable palazzo, and under cover of the waltz music, from a quiet corner of observation, saw whirling by us in the flesh much that we had been thinking of in the marble and the clay; and both our eyes could not but follow one particular face famous for the assistance its great natural beauty received from art. 'Face,' I said; but the mind of Hiram Powers was penetrating deeper, for he exclaimed after a short silence, 'That's all very well, but I want to know where Lady—puts her liver?' Where, indeed? for calculating the circumference of the waist by the eye, allowing a minimum thickness for the pectorals of the chest, an area for the spine, oesophagus, vena cava, and aorta, the action of the waist seemed to admit of no room for anything else at all."

The Christian Hymnal: Hymns with Tunes for the Services of the Church. Compiled and edited by Rev. Frank Sewall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—In the short compass of 240 pp. 16mo the compiler has here contrived to include 207 hymns with appropriate music. They are arranged in two parts, the first containing those on the Incarnation and Redemption, following the order of the gospel, or the Christian year; the second comprising general and occasional hymns, arranged according to their topics. The selection in the main, both as to words and music, has been made with discriminating taste from the vast storehouse of English, German, and Latin sacred poetry. Versions are given of many of the less familiar mediæval hymns incorporated in the Roman breviary, the best of which are borrowed from *Cassell's Sacred Year*. Of course it would be easy to find fault. Many hymns are included which we find thoroughly commonplace, and many excellent ones omitted which are in the precise condition to deserve a place in such a compilation, being familiar without being hackneyed. In the original tunes there is perceptible an unpleasant straining after novelty, and the arrangement of music and words on opposite pages, in some cases, is awkward for the singer. Nor can we commend the too common practice in which the editor has indulged of altering the hymns selected to suit his own creed. An author's writings, especially such as embody his religious convictions, should not be tampered with; if used at all, they should be used as published. Apart from these blemishes, the volume is much above the average of similar collections, and deserves the hearty welcome it will doubtless receive from lovers of sacred music in every denomination.

The Science and Practice of Medicine. By William Aitken, M.D., etc. In two volumes. Vol. II. From the fourth London edition, with additions by Meredith Clymer, M.D., etc. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1866.—The first volume of this excellent treatise on the practice of medicine was published several weeks since and was noticed in the columns of THE ROUND TABLE soon after its appearance. The present volume is even more interesting and important than the former, both on account of the diseases considered by the author and the value of the additions made by the American editor.

Besides adding notes, comments, and references to the author's remarks on many affections treated of in this volume, he has written seventeen new articles on subjects which Dr. Aitken did not deem it advisable to embrace in his plan. Many of them are of great importance and all of them are of interest to the chemist and physician. The second volume contains fewer typographical errors than the first. Altogether the work is one which we think the physician cannot well do without. The pathology is exceedingly well given, and questions of hygiene and vital statistics are discussed in a thoughtful and convincing manner. Few works on medicine show better than this of Dr. Aitken the great advance which the healing art has made within the last few years. That it will exert a great influence upon practice we are very sure.

The Last Days of Our Saviour. For Passion Week. Arranged by Charles D. Cooper, Rector of St. Paul's Church. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

"The life of our Lord, from the supper in Bethany to his ascension, is here related in the very words of the Evangelists, arranged in chronological order, omitting repetitions. The attempt is not made 'to reconcile the differences,' but to 'condense into one consecutive narrative the history as written by the four Evangelists.' The consecutive narrative, however, implies a harmonizing of the different accounts. Many persons who may have hitherto read the Evangelists only separately, will

obtain from this arrangement a clearer conception of the course of the events. It would have been well to put into the margin the references to the original accounts. Such captions as "Easter" and "Good Friday" are, of course, accommodations to subsequent usage. The only instance in which "Easter" is found in the New Testament (Acts, xii, 4) is universally conceded to be an intentional mistake on the part of King James's translators.

The Silence of Scripture. By the Rev. Francis Wharton, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Mass. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1867.—Dr. Wharton presents a noble theme in a thoughtful and suggestive spirit. Ever since Archbishop Whately's well-known essay on this subject it has been in various relations treated upon by different writers, but by none of them so fully as in this little volume. The author's argument may here and there be thought to be overstated, but it is, in the main, satisfactorily handled, and prompts to fruitful thought and enquiry. The topics to which the reserve or silence of Scripture is here applied are, *The Creation of the World, The Origin of Evil, Divination, Liturgies, Creeds, The Virgin Mary, The Lord's Personal Appearance, and Its Relations.* Choice selections from quite a wide range of literature also enrich the volume.

The Good Report: Morning and Evening Lessons for Lent. By Alice B. Haven. New York: Appleton & Co. 1867.—This series of meditations, appropriate to the forty days of Lent, is composed upon a peculiar plan. For each day there is a morning and an evening lesson; and each lesson takes its text from the Old Testament accounts of the wanderings of the Israelites, and makes its application in select passages from the New Testament, appropriate comments being subjoined to the Scriptural passages. It was a labor of love during four years to the accomplished and lamented author. Her devotional spirit and delicate Christian sense give a charm to the work which will ensure it many readers.

On the Action of Medicines in the System. By Frederick William Headland, M.D., etc. Fifth American from the fourth London edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1867.—A book which has been received with so much favor by the medical profession as has Dr. Headland's, needs no commendation at our hands. The present edition is marked by many fresh observations and discoveries representing the labors of therapeutists in all parts of the world. Though not comparable to the English edition in elegance of typography, the American reprint is better than some others we have before us. Indeed, Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston are not apt to give us a badly printed book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- C. SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—Elements of Political Economy. By Arthur Latham Perry. Pp. 483. 1867.
 IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co., New York.—Voice and Action. By Prof. J. E. Frohman. Pp. 264. 1867.
 CROSBY & AINSWORTH, Boston.—The English of Shakespeare. By George L. Craik. Edited from third London edition by W. J. Rolfe. Pp. 386. 1867.
 D. & J. SADLER, New York.—Lectures on Christian Unity. By Rev. Thomas S. Preston. Pp. 264. 1867.
 D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.—Incidents of a Trip through the Great Platte Valley to the Rocky Mountains and Laramie Plains. Pp. 130. 1867.
 D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—The Combined Spanish Method, with a Pronouncing Vocabulary. By Albert de Tornos, A.M., etc., etc. Pp. 470. 1867.
 G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York.—The Shenandoah; or, The Last Confederate Cruiser. By Cornelius E. Hunt (one of her officers). Pp. 270. 1867.
 Mosby and his Men. By J. Marshall Crawford, of Company B. Pp. 375. 1867.
 J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Inhalation in the Treatment of Diseases of the Respiratory Passages. By J. M. Da Costa, M.D. Pp. 86. 1867.

We have also received the following periodicals: The Catholic World for April, New York Medical Journal for March, Eclectic Magazine for May, Harper's Monthly for April, Demorest's Monthly for April, Beadle's Monthly for April, Edinburgh Review for January, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for February (American republications), Rebellion Record No. 61, and American Journal of Numismatics for March—New York; The Church Monthly for March and New England Farmer for April—Boston; The Half Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences—Philadelphia; and the Maine Normal for March—Farmington, Me.; The People's Magazine, January and February—Pott & Amery, New York; Riverside Magazine and Galaxy, for April.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CRITICISMS ON SHAKESPEARE.

[WE might be sceptical respecting the animus of the following brilliant and incisive criticisms were they not authenticated by their writers' signatures. Those even of our readers who may share our doubts will agree with us that neither should be suffered to remain in obscurity. It is to be hoped that our correspondent, Mr. Hurlbut, will draw a useful lesson from these masterly analyses of his own able but, according to these standards, hastily considered views, and give the subject deeper consideration for the future. If he is as much edified by their perusal as we ourselves have been, their present publication will not have been altogether vain.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

REPLY TO CRITICISM ON MACBETH.

(AFTER THE MANNER OF MR. MOON.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: IN THE ROUND TABLE of March 16 it was with something akin to wonderment that I perused a paper purporting to be a criticism on *Macbeth*, by one G. C. Hurlbut. The writer of that paper, in the outset, advances principles of criticism which he says he has adopted from Mr. Moon, which must have, from all capable of

discernment, very hearty endorsement. How far he comes short in his own application of these principles, or in his proper conception of them, I think the sequel of his communication sufficiently demonstrates.

Diffidence might deter me from entering the lists with any antagonist in a field of such eminent and extended influence as THE ROUND TABLE affords did I not feel assured, according to the very principles of perspicuity and common sense which your correspondent so highly yet perhaps somewhat sarcastically flaunts, of the true and simple force of my remarks upon the falsities of his cavillings.

Though I do not believe that in the productions of Shakespeare, or of any other man, need we look for, or pretend to discover, absolute perfection, yet in the creations of that great man's mind we cannot but find such an approximation to what we seek as to cast all petty carplings aside as unworthy to be entertained, and where we hastily may imagine we have found a flaw, that we should only therein discover some stimulant for exertion to lay open the true meaning of the passage so called in question, if such underlie the surface.

Portions of Shakespeare, as is to be expected in an author who wrote so remotely—and if I may be allowed the words, so obscurely—are doubtless to be found somewhat difficult of solution, but these probably may be alterations or interpolations introduced by some other hand than his who framed the whole and stands sponsor to the weighty mass and mirrored throng. This, however, is a completely premised exception, not by any means to be received as a rule, and we think that Mr. Hurlbut, in the passages which he cites, has been singularly unhappy in his selections, as they prove, in connection with his critical remarks, nothing so much as an entire misconception of the author's meaning, and an ill informed judgment on subjects that do require some degree of acumen and mental culture to comprehend appreciatively.

There is this quotation from the opening of the play:

"SOLDIER. As whence the sun gives his reflection,
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break
 So from that spring, whence comfort seemed to flow,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner Justice had, with valor arm'd,
 Compell'd the skipping kerns to trust their heels;
 But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault."

DUNCAN. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo? Yes;
 SOLDIER. As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
 So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell."

I find, in the editions of Shakespeare which I have examined, the first line of this quotation rendered slightly different, bringing the idea of the author more fully forth:

"As when the sun 'gins his reflection," etc.;

referring to a well-known natural phenomenon which occurs at sunrise—a change in the atmospheric conditions in this instance to a tempest. Naturally, on the sea, as elsewhere, when weary of the dark and lonesome night the sun is anxiously looked for, and gladly hailed; and the disappointment of a storm following his advent is in this instance brought forth by way of simile from nature to give expression, in forcible and apt language, to a defeat of hope. Perspicuous enough, however, is the meaning, as we take it, in Mr. Hurlbut's version. It is so lucid that I am surprised to find that any one should puzzle his brains in endeavoring to pry into the meaning; and still more surprised am I to find that it is sought to connect the two parts of the sentence, as if one and the same idea. There is, in fact, no connection between them. Here there are two separate figures introduced, the latter of which makes nearer approach to the fact dwelt upon, but both merely illustrations and running not into, but parallel with, each other, and we know that it is an axiom in mathematics that parallels never meet. They refer to the situation, which can be gleaned from the text alone, but which history further elucidates.

Some time previous to the reign of King Duncan the Norwegians had held possession of some of the western isles of Scotland, and also effected a lodgment upon the mainland. During his reign the right which they had thus acquired by the sword was acknowledged by the Scottish monarch, and the Norwegian and Scottish kings were at peace with each other. King Duncan had then, according to all laws of good faith, a right to expect that an insurrection among his own subjects would not be connived at or supported by his ally, the Norwegian, but rather in such an emergency would look to him for assistance. Yet, as the story plainly runs, the reverse happened. The King of Norway waited quietly by until he saw the issue of the fight, when, seeing that his secret friend, the merciless Macdonwald, was defeated, and "surveying vantage" in the exposed ranks of an army hot in the pursuit,

"With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault."

What is said by your correspondent about "surveying vantage" being here a turgid, meaningless phrase," etc., etc., is evidently in a hopeless manner destitute of both sense and perspicuity, and certainly in the connection in which he has placed it amongst his comments "is not inspired."

In this passage we have Justice mentioned in a personified sense, and as it would matter little, as far as outward effect goes, where she stood unless armed with some kind of power, we have the poet, in the high ideal picture which he holds forth, in which the glory of the actors is the refulgent light, arming her with valor, which of course properly here belongs to the victors. How more suitable language could be substituted I cannot conceive.

In confutation of an absurd literalism which will not take common sense in conjunction with common language, the fault found with the "skipping kerns trusting their heels" may be met with the question: What signification does any one, in ordinary parlance, place upon the words "a clean pair of heels"?

A passage of affected wit and humor, which is doubtless intended for ridicule, follows in the expositions of your correspondent, in which an omnibus driver and the inevitable Bambo are brought forward in the plenitude of his erudition to advocate his cause against Shakespeare! He informs us, as a serious wind-up to this humorous digression, that eagles do not prey on sparrows, nor lions upon hares, and neither is the reverse the case, as if it were something relevant to the text, where it is asserted in fine and elegant irony, rising aloft by the comparison, that the Norwegian attack dismayed Banquo and Macbeth—

"Yes;

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion."

Any one who understands poetry according to the principles set forth by Mr. Moon, and apparently advocated by Mr. Hurlbut, can see at once the extreme force of language made use of by the poet, when he takes a timorous animal, like a sparrow or hare, and supposes the supreme ridiculousness of frightening an eagle or a lion with them, and will think it no more necessary to question the habits of these animals towards each other than in natural history to enter upon a dissertation as to whether or not elephants were much in the habit of hunting poodle dogs.

The frivolous charge that cannons double cracks must refer to something unheard of as missiles of warfare instead of finding in the simple meaning of the word some note of explanation, is very astonishing! Whether or not cannons or guns capable of two separate explosions at once existed in the days of Shakespeare does not much signify, as we can very well understand what is meant by the poet, whose singular prophetic vision of genius doubtless enabled him to perceive the probable in many things as if it were the real. The man who wrote,

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes,"

may be allowed, in this day of its almost literal realization, the privilege of foretelling, by allusion, the invention of double-barrel guns.

Again, Mr. Hurlbut enquires what is to be made of the lines,

"Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha;"

and we naturally enquire what the puissant writer himself makes of them. We have our answer before us in language more simple than vigorous; that "it is undoubtedly a nasty thing." There is no questioning this simple fact; and then the only difficulty that any one can have in understanding the passage consistently lies in the word "in," as it is here used. It is still not infrequently found in our language taking the significance of "by," and, with a little exercise of ingenious thought, it can be easily made observable how warriors might be gashed so as to present the appearance of being "bathed in reeking wounds." For the further information of Mr. Hurlbut we beg to state that Shakespeare made use of many words which are now obsolete, some others whose significations are now modified, and the "memorize," according to modern rule, would be held to signify committing to memory; its proper synonym with us, as here used, is *commemorate* or, in this connection, *celebrate*.

The next passage upon which animadversions are passed is:

"Naughts had, all's spent
 When our desire is got without content."

Without noticing his strained analysis, we would observe that here the sentiment and the object are, by close association and the assimilations of sympathy, identified. This form of speech prevails because it is natural not only in the English but in all other languages, and in the literature of ancient and modern times. There is, however, a slightly different construction in the above passage to what it ordinarily obtains; yet is there license to be found in the fact of the vivid imagination of the poet, which, while regarding the object and sentiment, as far as the present and future were concerned, as entirely separated, nevertheless beheld them evermore entwined as a history of the past.

Again, in quoting the passage

"Let your remembrance apply to Banquo," etc.,

he gives such a limited and technical meaning to the word apply that we are tempted to enquire whether the person who penned the criticism is not to be found somewhere in the outskirts of the profession of surgery? If such be the case, it is to be hoped that ere he become a graduate he may extend his general knowledge, as it is well said—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

One more frivolous objection is made to the word "mortal" as qualifying "sword" in a passage which he gives. It is asked what kind of sword a mortal one is. It might be urged that the word is applied in connection with the condition of those who used the implement, as we might say, pointing to some trophies in a museum or elsewhere, an English sword, a French bayonet, a Russian cutlass; but I think the true rendering is, that it here signifies deadly or death-giving—admitting some change in its meaning since it was so used by Shakespeare.

There is no doubt but that there are some grand and lofty passages in the works of Shakespeare, and in this very play of *Macbeth*, that are hardly amenable to the ordinary laws; but these are not commented on or even noticed by Mr. Hurlbut. If they had been we should have said, They are beyond and above usual rule not because the mind of Shakespeare in its workings was, or sought to be, beyond or above the laws of criticism which

should apply, but because he sometimes rose with his subject into a region where, he might have told us, human language almost failed to carry his conceptions. And so, according to Mr. Hurlbut, Shakespeare may well be considered as "alone amongst poets," but he is not the first that made the discovery.

In conclusion, what the writer of that article says about the freedom of the age, with reference to Mr. Moon's severe strictures upon the so-called poems of Swinburne, it must be remembered that liberty does not in any sense consist of unlimited riot, but that in proportion as the will of man is accorded free exercise in one direction, so also is to be advanced, in exact parallelism, the restraining powers which have their place in the same free will and find foundation, it may be premised, on broader principles. Neither does the one, whether in the case of Pío Nono or in that of the French Madists of the last century, shoot ahead of the other, except to ruin. So with isolated parts of society as with its united wholes. Yet, in any department of human experience or experiment, if the license of chaotic anarchy were the one alternative and an absolute government with certain common conditions the other, I should not hesitate, despite wrong and deceptive plausibilities, in giving preference to the old régime of enforced discipline, confident that the effect would be more wholesome, more progressive. Unconditionally, however, it must be acknowledged as exceedingly difficult to make any choice between them.

We may here observe that, as repeatedly exemplified, it is a seeming law of human nature, like the law of the pendulum, from one extreme to the other. Two great classes there are of fanatics, the one espousing the cause of religion—very much as a misnomer, however—the other taking sides with the world, and opposing the profession of goodness, except when bearing its own imprimatur. At the present day the latter class appears much in the majority, as perhaps under various guises it ever has been. It is the class to which Mr. Swinburne and his sympathizers and admirers belong, while they waddle in the polluted streams of his Helicon. With it familiar blasphemy of the holiest is not only tolerated but encouraged, so that it be conjoined with a degree of intellectual prestige, and such rickdory will then pass current for robust mental action. Ineffable scorn, were we not restrained by the lofty benevolence of Christianity and its didactic teachings, would be the appropriate sentiment we should launch against them. As it is, "pity like a new born babe" seems sadly out of place when extended toward them, and the lash of common sense seems much more fittingly "to stride the blast" which whistles shrilly over them. In this sense I may be allowed to quote the language of the immortal bard of Avon:

"Oh for a whip in every honest hand,
To lash the rascals naked through the world!"

ALEXANDER F. IRVING.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your issue of March 16 appeared a criticism on *Macbeth* purporting to be written with a view to its censure for lack of perspicuity. The writer is evidently unacquainted with the genius of Shakespeare, or has but little ability for grasping poetical ideas, or he would not have stumbled at what, in my opinion, is not only perspicuous but eminently beautiful.

His first objection is with reference to the lines of the soldier's answer to Duncan, running thus:

"As whence the sun gives his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seemed to come,
Discomfort swells."

He says he tried these lines in their natural position and then "by taking them separately, by inverting them, and by seeking to connect them with the spring which swelled with discomfort, and failed in every effort."

I have read the passage as it stands and cannot perceive that it is "hopelessly muddled," but conceive its meaning to be this:

"As whence (from the place that) the sun gives his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, etc."

Shakespeare evidently means that, as the atmosphere is the source, in general terms, whence comes the glad reflection of the sun, so is it also the generative abode of "shipwrecking storms and direful thunders."

Macbeth had just slain Macdonwald. This was a gleam of sunshine to the loyal forces, but it was rapidly followed by clouds and storms, for "the Norwegian lord," being reinforced with arms and men, began a fresh assault. Thus from the

"—spring whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells."

It is hardly worth while to notice at length the objection to the phrase

"No sooner Justice had, with valor armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels."

The construction of the sentence renders it a matter of no difficulty to perceive that *Justice* was with valor armed. And why heels? he says. Has he never heard of human beings "taking to their heels?" which, if too obscure, we will translate to running away.

And when he finds a difficulty in associating properly *Macbeth* and *Banquo* with the sparrows and the eagles, the hare and the lion, we really think his grammar is at fault.

Thus runs the quotation:

"DUNCAN. Dismayed not this
Our captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?
SOLDIER. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion."

The critic wishes to know whether the soldier alludes to the captains as eagles or as sparrows, as the hare or as the lion.

The soldier's answer to Duncan is as follows:

"Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion."

That is, as sparrows dismay eagles, as the hare dismays the lion.

Macbeth and *Banquo* are in the objective case of the question, and find their parallel in the objective case of the answer, *i. e.*, the eagles and the lion.

Shakespeare did not imply that any animals mentioned occupied the position of prey with reference to the others, but simply intended to illustrate the extremity of cowardice and bravery, *i. e.*, the sparrow and the eagle, the hare and the lion; and wished to show how little one could dismay the other.

Passing over the frivolous discussion of "cannons overcharged with double cracks" (which was evidently a local and technical term of Shakespeare's time), we come to the following sentence, which is written in a general sense without any collateral restriction: "Shakespeare, at least, seems to have found it impossible to write anything intelligible."

Nothing could better illustrate the critic's incapacity for the task he has chosen than the penning of the above sentence. We pass it without comment.

The other objections are too numerous to notice in this communication, and, indeed, when examined present no tangible points for argument, since they consist but of idle wording and futile attempts at humor.

S. A. MCKEEVER.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18, 1867.

LITERARIANA.

ALTHOUGH the length of the *Dies Iræ* obliged us to discontinue printing the versions we had received, the force of the following translation is such as may warrant our making it a single exception:

DIES IRÆ.

I.
The day of anger; ah! that day
Shall melt the world in flame away;
This David and the Sibyl say.

II.
How great a trembling shall there be
The coming of the Judge to see,
Come to sift all things rigidly.

III.
The trumpet's wonder-working tone,
Through graves in every region blown,
Shall hale us all before the throne.

IV.
Death shall be mazed and nature then,
Seeing the Creature rise again,
To answer to the Judge of men.

V.
A written book shall be ordained,
In which is everything contained
Whereof the world shall stand arraigned.

VI.
When therefore He, the Judge, draws near,
That which is hidden shall appear,
Nought shall remain of vengeance clear.

VII.
What then am I, a wretch, to say?
Whose help to seek upon that day?
Since scarce the just in safety stay.

VIII.
King of tremendous majesty,
Who savest thine elected free,
Fountain of Mercy, save thou me.

IX.
This to thy heart, sweet Jesu, lay,
That I the cause am of thy way,
For aye me not upon that day.

X.
Thou 'st fallen way-worn, me to gain
Hast bought me by thy cross and pain;
Labor so great be not in vain.

XI.
O, righteous Judge of punishment!
To me be thy forgiveness sent
Before the day of settlement.

XII.
Like one in guilt I groan with shame,
My face is crimson for my blame;
Bare, Lord, I call upon thy name!

XIII.
Thou who didst Mary's sin repair,
And hear the robber in his prayer,
Thou'st seen for me a hope didst spare.

XIV.
My prayers are all unworthy thee;
Yet of thy goodness favor me,
Least endless fire my portion be.

XV.
Grant me among the sheep to stand,
Far from the goats my place command,
And set me safe at thy right hand.

XVI.
When the accursed are put to shame
And sentenced to the bitter flame
Then with the blessed call my name.

XVII.
Suppliant I pray and lowly bend,
My heart as in the dust I rend;
Do thou be mindful of my end.

XVIII.
That day is full of tears and pain,
When from the flame shall rise again
Man in his guilt his Judge to see;
Therefore have mercy, God, on me.

HENRY J. MACDONALD.

THE REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, with rather less of decorous delay than we might have expected, presents himself as successor to the niche vacated by Artemus Ward. *Harper's Magazine* has made us familiar with the fact that the gentleman could write funny things, but it took a great deal of reading there to get at as much fun as he has compressed into a letter to what may be called his native newspaper, *The New Haven Journal and Courier*. The Emperor of the French, it seems, has been honored

by Mr. Abbott with a private interview, and "he [the Emperor] received me [Mr. Abbott] by the fireside, entirely alone, in one of the interior parlors of the palace, and with the most gratifying cordiality. With apparently perfect frankness he conversed, for nearly an hour, upon all the great questions of the day, expressing gratitude for the justice which had been done, by my pen, to the Emperor Napoleon I., and his satisfaction that the acts of his own administration were to be recorded in a friendly spirit." Mr. Abbott, during the interview, recited to the Emperor the index of his forthcoming volume, which he sets forth in full, occupying forty-six lines of the newspaper in an extremely rhetorical manner. Then Mr. Abbott told the Emperor that he was right and the United States were wrong on the Mexican question, to which the Emperor assented, and after an hour of it the interview ended.

"The next evening I was honored with a public presentation to the Emperor and Empress at a magnificent soiree in the Tuilleries. Four thousand guests were present. The presentation scene was very imposing. It may not be improper for me to state that I was honored by particular attention. When my name was mentioned the Emperor approached, and taking me by the hand said:

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Abbott. I bid you welcome to the palace of the Tuilleries."

"This was an honor which was not conferred upon any one else."

A foretaste of this description cannot fail to whet the public appetite for the book. Mr. Abbott has evidently studied Artemus closely; the spirit of his letter is precisely that of the first in which the departed humorist introduced his "moral show"—"You scratch my back, and I'll scratch your back."

THE aspiration contained in the following graceful lines will be echoed in this trying season of ours, "when winter lingers in the lap of spring," by many a shivering breast:

TO A FRIEND AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

Where is that land you tell us of,
Where flowers bloom and soft winds blow?
It is not here—for we behold
But the fantastic freaks of frost
And walls and ramparts piled of snow.

Where is that land?—I sigh to go
Where sunshine lasteth all the day;
And not as here—where from his throne
The sun at noonday peereth forth
With one chill smile, and then away.

Where is that land?—O would that I
Could wander with you through its bowers;
With grass, green grass, beneath my feet,
Blue skies above, and in my hands
The tropic's wealth of gorgeous flowers.

For endless wreaths of feathery snow
Are here, alas! our only bloom,
And for the zephyr's murmur low
We hear the blast howl loud and long
Through skies for ever swathed in gloom.

Where is that land?—I would be gone
To where the blue waves rise and fall
Along its shores of golden sand.
I weary of these prisoned seas
Enchained so long in icy thrall.

I weary of this white and grey
In varying shades before mine eye.
Where is that land you tell us of?
Could I but seize the snowflake's wing
I would behold it ere I die!

BROOKLYN, Jan. 22, 1867.

C. PIERREPONT.

MESSRS. HURD & HUGHTON and D. Appleton & Co. are each about to undertake the publication in parts of Dr. William Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, or rather of works of which it is the foundation, the former publishers giving an expansion, the latter an abridgment, of the English book. Valuable as it is, Dr. Smith's dictionary is susceptible of many emendations and improvements, while numerous books published since its appearance suggest new features that may be advantageously added. To both American editions will be added articles which are not in the English, while matters of detail—derivations, pronunciations, various readings, cross references—which were but imperfectly carried out by Dr. Smith, are now to be systematized and perfected, while the references to other authorities will be enlarged to include American books and religious periodical literature. To do this our most accomplished biblical scholars have lent their services and have employed a wide range of the best authorities. The editor for the Messrs. Appleton is the Rev. Samuel W. Barnum, whose experience in revising Webster makes him familiar with lexicography, while he has been assisted by the professors of Yale College. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's edition has been superintended by Prof. H. B. Hackett, D.D., assisted by Mr. Ezra Abbot, assistant librarian at Harvard; and among the numerous American scholars who have made corrections and added new material to the work are: Professors S. C. Bartlett, of Chicago; G. E. Day and G. P. Fisher, of Yale College; E. A. Park, of Andover; A. P. Peabody, of Harvard; W. G. T. Shedd, of New York; H. B. Smith, of New York, and President T. D. Woolsey, of Yale College. The scope of the two editions is such that there need be no conflict between them. That of the Messrs. Appleton is designed for a popular edition, one which shall be inexpensive and intelligible to those who understand only English, and which, by use of abbreviations and an abridgment even while making additions, shall bring the matter of the original three volumes within the compass of one. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, on the other hand, are preparing a work of greater scholarship and research as well as of greater amplitude than the English, so that, by superseding the necessity for many books now necessary to a theological library, the more expensive work shall be really the more economical. Both editions are handsomely printed, that of the Messrs. Appleton on the larger page but also in a larger type, which gives less reading per page than the other. The complete abridged edition, issued in twenty-two semi-monthly parts, is to occupy about 1,100 pages, and cost about \$7; the large edition, issued monthly in thirty parts, is to fill some 3,400 pages, at a cost of about \$23.

Messrs. HURD & HOUGHTON have also another important theological work on hand in the form of a *Library of Old English Divines*, to be printed handsomely, complete, and with memoirs and indexes, Professor Shedd acting as editor. The series will comprise a great number of volumes, containing the writings, among others named, of Barrow, Baxter, Bunyan, Butler, Bull, Chillingworth, Clarke, Davenant, Donne, Hall, Hooker, Howe, Latimer, Leighton, Owen, Stillingfleet, Taylor, Tillotson, Usher. The first issued will be the sermons of Robert South, of which the first of the five volumes is now ready. In another branch of their business the same publishers are preparing, in addition to the *Riverside Edition of Dickens* already announced, a *Globe Edition*, which is to contain his works with Darley's and Gilbert's designs, in thirteen volumes, the cost per volume—as of the other edition, which is in twenty-six volumes—to be \$1.50. *Nicholas Nickleby* is soon to be issued as the first of the series.

MR. S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE's second volume of the *Dictionary of Authors* is nearly ready for publication.

MR. JOHN PENINGTON, the head of the firm of John Penington & Son, well known in Philadelphia as the principal importers of foreign books, died last week, at the age of sixty-eight. He was a gentleman of much literary culture and with a large acquaintance with European bibliography, while his personal character was such as to secure universal esteem in the literary community of Philadelphia.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, probably finding that the conduct of his three periodicals leaves little time for book-publishing, announces his determination to relinquish the latter business, and offers for sale his stereotype plates, which include several works of great value. Mr. Childs has apparently the gift of making a success of every publication he undertakes, as his *Publishers' Circular* witnesses. Of the prosperity of *The Ledger*, aside from the facts that it may be seen daily wherever you go within thirty miles of Philadelphia, and that it is universally recognized to be, in an exceptional manner, a great educating power and staunch ally of morality and virtue, a very substantial testimony is afforded by the new office preparing for it—a building of greater capacity and, to our taste, of much greater substantial elegance than that of *The Herald*, in New York.

MR. H. N. MAGUIRE, formerly a "Gentile" editor in Salt Lake City and more recently in Montana, is writing a two-volume work on *The Settlements in the Rocky Mountains*.

MR. MANSE TRACY WALWORTH, author of some novels of which, till now, we have never heard, is writing a "society novel" called *Bleeding Hearts*.

MISS MULOCK—Mrs. Craik's—*Two Marriages* contained, as somebody was at the pains to point out in a recent number of *The Athenaeum*, a story identical in a rather out-of-the-way kind of plot with Mr. Edmund Yates's *Kissing the Rod*, published some time previously. No one would have believed anything to the discredit of Miss Mulock in the matter, nor, indeed, was anything of the sort suggested, but her publishers have written to

say that her MS. was in their possession before Mr. Yates's book was published, which leaves merely a striking coincidence of thought without unpleasant suspicions respecting either writer.

MR. JOHN MAXWELL has at last been drawn into print about *The Sunday Mercury* novel, ostensibly by "Lady Caroline Lascelles," but very positively attributed to Miss M. E. Braddon. Mr. Maxwell seems to hold with Talleyrand—as we fancied Miss Braddon does—that language is given to conceal thought. Certainly, while he endeavors to divert attention from the belief that Miss Braddon wrote either of the two novels with the four names, he is very careful not to say that she did not; his letter only intimates that there may be a multiplicity of people "who suggested, who planned, and who wrote the romance of *The Black Band* and the other serials under the same nom de plume"—a view of the case which inspires *The London Review* to print an article on *Lady Caroline Lascelles & Co. (Unlimited)*. The matter is of very little importance any how. From the internal evidence of the novels we do not believe Miss Braddon exactly wrote them; if she did, she can do very much better. The view which seems to us most reasonable is that she planned them and left a novice to fill them up. Mrs. Henry Wood and Mr. W. G. Wills have been involving themselves in somewhat similar scrapes. Mrs. Wood's novels, however, are such and trash that they are not worth disputing about, and we do not understand the merits of Mr. Wills's case.

AMONG new and forthcoming English books are, *The Seven Weeks' War: its Antecedents and its Incidents*, by H. M. Hozer, *Times* correspondent; *The Spas of Germany, France, Italy, and Switzerland*, by T. M. Madden, M.D.; *Wild Life among the Pacific Islanders*, by E. H. Lamont;—Mr. B. Harris Cowper's translation of *The Apocryphal Gospels*, and other documents relating to the history of Christ; *Christ and Christendom*, by Prof. E. H. Plumptre; *An Outline of the Jewish Church from a Christian point of view*, also "Ritualism," by Rev. S. C. Malan; *The Twin Records of Creation; or, Geology and Genesis; their Perfect Harmony and Wonderful Concord*, by George W. Victor Le Vaux;—*London Pauperism amongst Jews and Christians*, by J. H. Stallard, M.B.; *A Visit to some American Schools and Colleges*, by Sophia Jex Blake;—also novels by J. Frazer Corkran, H. G. Sturkey, M.D., Cyrus Redding, J. I. Lockhart, Sir Francis Vincent, Morley Farrow.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is said to be writing a book on his tour in this country.

MR. TENNYSON, as threatened, has sold his place at Farringford, and bought a farm seven miles from a railway station.

MR. G. B. BARTON, of Sydney, Australia, finds in that country material for a bibliographical work which has probably been published by this time.

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT is engaged upon a bibliography of the early English popular literature in which figure Tom Thumb, Robin Goodfellow, Guy of Warwick, and similarly worshipful notables.

MR. J. A. FROUDE has written a volume of *Short*

Studies on Great Subjects, among whom are Job, Spinoza, Wolsey, and Homer.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR's first procedure on reaching England was to visit poor dying Artemus Ward, his next to see the laureate.

PRINCE LOUIS-LUCIEN BONAPARTE, in company with the Abbé Inchauspe, author of the *Verbe Basque Souletin*, has gone to Lower Navarre for the purpose of studying the ancient dialects of the province.

M. DE LAMARTINE, it is to be hoped, will at last be silenced. The Emperor has proposed a "national testimonial" of 400,000 francs for him, and the Council of State has assented.

GEN. GARIBOLDI has written to the *Sicile* enclosing a contribution and enthusiastically applauding the Voltaire monument scheme.

M. THIERS will not, as has been reported, become the political director of a new Paris journal.

M. GUIZOT's eighth and last volume of his memoirs, ending with an account of the three days of the July revolution, is to be published during April.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York:
The Volary: A Narrative Poem. By James D. Hewett.
How to Make Money and How to Keep it. By Thomas A. Davis.
Artemus Ward in London. With a Sketch of his Life.
HILTON & Co., New York:
Over Sea; or, England, France, and Scotland as seen by a Live American. By Henry Morford.

THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 113.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23.

REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES, PUBLIC DEBTS, HOW PROTECTION WORKS, CHURCH UNION MOVEMENTS, COQUETTES, KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS, ALBION PAPERS.

CORRESPONDENCE:

LONDON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

THE ROUND TABLE AND THE "VETERAN OBSERVER," AN APOLOGY FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.

REVIEWS:

MADAME RECAMIER, MAURICE DE GUERIN, THE WAY OF THE WORLD, TRISTAN, HINTS ON COMMON POLITENESS, READINGS FOR LENT, HYMNS FOR EVERY DAY IN LENT, OUTLINES OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.

LITERARIANA.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE!

EQUAL TO JAVA!
HALF THE PRICE!
GOES TWICE AS FAR!

Recommended and used by CLERGYMEN, PHYSICIANS, and PROFESSIONAL MEN as the Cheapest, Healthiest, and Best Beverage in the World!
Specially recommended by

Bishop Janes,

and nearly all the Bishops and Clergymen of the M. E. Church. Also by

Dr. Irenæus Prime,

editor of the New York Observer, and by

Dr. Thomas A. Upham,

of Bowdoin College, Maine, and

Rev. Dr. Bushnell,

of Hartford. By the

N. Y. Eye Infirmary.

(It can be used alone, or, if preferable, one-third of Java mixed with two-thirds of KENT'S EAST INDIA will make finer Coffee than Java alone, and destroy the nervous effect of the latter.)

For Sale by all Grocers North and South.

The Trade supplied through the New York City Wholesale Grocers, or direct from the Manufactory, 154 Beale Street, New York.

RICHARD DAVIES,

Proprietor and General Wholesale Dealer in Teas and Coffees.

Can we think of two things at once? See answer in April No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Only 30 cents, or \$2 a year. Newsmen will get it.

Advertisements of the American Bureau for Literary Reference.

A CAPITAL OPPORTUNITY.

Wanted—A young man of literary taste and some executive ability to enter a partnership already well established and flourishing in a salubrious Southern city. Capital required from \$3,000 to \$5,000.

It is believed to be a fine opening for establishing a position at once permanent, powerful, and profitable.

Address—AMERICAN BUREAU FOR LITERARY REFERENCE.

Wanted.—Toppfer's *Adventures of Obadiah Oldbuck*. Address AMERICAN BUREAU FOR LITERARY REFERENCE.

Address

American Bureau for Literary Reference,
132 Nassau Street, New York.

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.

45 WALL STREET.

JANUARY 1, 1867.

CASH CAPITAL, \$400,000 00
SURPLUS, 161,331 61
ASSETS, \$561,331 61

Fire and Inland Insurance effected in the Western and Southern States through the "Underwriters' Agency."

Benj. S. Walcott, President.

I. Remson Lane, Secretary.

Portrait, Character, and Biography of Prof. Agassiz in April No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 30 cents, or \$2 a year. Newsmen have it.

THE WORLD-RENOVED

SINGER SEWING MACHINES,

FOR FAMILY USE

AND

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 456 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

FLORENCE REVERSIBLE FEED

LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINES.

Best Family Machine in the World.

FLORENCE S. M. CO.,

505 Broadway, New York.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines

(625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK)

Make the "Lock-Stitch," and rank highest on account of the Elasticity, Permanence, Beauty, and general desirableness of the Stitching when done, and the wide range of their application.—*Report of the American Institute.*

PURE CALIFORNIA WINES

FROM M. KELLER'S CELEBRATED VINEYARD,
LOS ANGELES.

SHERRY, MADEIRA, PORT, ANGELICA, HOCK,

STILL AND SPARKLING CHAMPAGNES,

WINE BITTERS, AND PURE BRANDY,

ALL WARRANTED THE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

WINES PREPARED AND PUT UP EXCLUSIVELY FOR
SACRAMENTAL PURPOSES.

IMPORTED WINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

JAMES J. LYONS,

SOLE AGENT,

509 Broadway, under the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Mode of Creation, Atlantic Gold Fields, Giving while Living, the Fishes in Convention, Carboniferous and Glacial Periods, Signs of Health, in April No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 30 cents, \$2 a year. Ask your newsmen for it.

KALDENBERG & SON,

THE ONLY MANUFACTURERS OF GENUINE

MEERSCHAUM PIPES

IN THE UNITED STATES,

4 and 6 John Street, near Broadway.

PORTRAITS, INITIALS, ETC., CUT ON PIPES.

N.B.—The MEERSCHAUM is positively the BEST, and we warrant every Pipe to Color.

A large and select stock now on hand.

* * Special attention given to Orders from the Country.

Repairing, Belling, Mounting, etc., are a Specialty with us.

GOOD BRANDS OF TOBACCO FOR SALE.

Send stamp for our Illustrated Circular.

LOUISA MUHLBACH'S HISTORICAL NOVELS.

D. APPLETON & CO.,

443 and 445 Broadway, N. Y.,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED, BY L. MUHLBACH,

Joseph II. and His Court. An Historical Novel. Translated from the German by Adelalde De V. Chaudron. 1 vol. 8vo, paper cover, \$1 50; cloth, \$2.

"In Joseph II. she transcends her previous efforts, not only in the story, wrought out in a masterly manner, but the real characters that figure in it have been carefully studied from the detailed chronicles of the time."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Frederick the Great and His Court. An Historical Novel. Translated from the German by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her Daughters. 1 vol. 12mo, 434 pages, cloth, \$2.

"The most remarkable volume of our time. It is entertaining and piquant, and will command a very wide circle of readers."—*Troy Whig*.

The Merchant of Berlin. An Historical Novel. Translated from the German by Amory Collin, M.D. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$2.

"There is not a dull chapter in it. The interest of the reader is well maintained from the beginning to the close, and we know of no book of similar character which would while away an afternoon more pleasantly."—*Utica Herald*.

Berlin and Sans-Souci; OR, FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FRIENDS. By L. Mühlbach. 1 vol. 12mo, \$2.

"We have on several occasions, in noticing the works of the great German authoress, Miss Mühlbach, expressed our admiration of them, but are now, after much careful reading of each volume as it has come from the press, almost constrained to pronounce them matchless; unrivalled in the whole domain of historical romance."—*Chicago Journal of Commerce*.

Either of the above sent free by mail on receipt of the price.

D. A. & CO. have in press the following works by the same author:

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FAMILY,
TWO LIFE PARTS,
THE STORY OF A MILLIONAIRE,
EMPEROR LEOPOLD II. AND HIS TIME,
EMPEROR JOSEPHINE,
NAPOLEON IN GERMANY,
HENRY THE EIGHTH,
PRINCE EUGENE AND HIS TIME,
THE GREAT ELECTOR AND HIS CHILDREN,
LOUISA OF PRUSSIA,
COUNT BENJOWSKI; OR, FREDERICK THE GREAT IN BOHEMIA,
OLD FRITZ AND MODERN TIME.

"A Good Thing." "Look at It." A Hand-some Pictorial. A Capital Family Magazine. Try THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL half a year—January to July—for \$1, or a year for \$2. It is a good medium for select advertisements. Newsmen have it. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

ECCE DEUS and ECCE HOMO.

"We believe that many of the most grateful and consenting readers of Ecce Homo will also be the most admiring readers of Ecce Deus. In the main tenor of both the volumes there is nothing to our minds inconsistent. . . . There are large numbers of liberal minds to which the new book will be a most welcome and helpful volume."—*Boston Transcript*.

Price of each, \$1 50. Mailed post-paid by the publishers,

ROBERTS BROTHERS,
BOSTON.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY;

OR,

YEAR BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART,
FOR 1866 AND 1867.

EDITED BY SAMUEL KNEELAND, A.M., M.D.

1 vol. 12mo, pp. 370, price \$2.

For sale by

D. VAN NOSTRAND,

PUBLISHER AND IMPORTER OF SCIENTIFIC BOOKS,
192 Broadway, New York.

American Army.—For a statement of its present and prospective condition, see PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL in April. Only 30 cents, or \$3 a year. Newsmen should have it.

YEAR BOOK OF FACTS FOR 1866-67.

JUST PUBLISHED:

The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1866 and 1867; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, etc., together with a list of recent Scientific Publications; a classified list of Patents; Obituaries of eminent Scientific Men. Edited by Samuel Kneeland, M.D. With a fine likeness of Hon. David A. Wells, U. S. Rev. Commissioner, and former editor of this work. 12mo, \$2.

In consequence of Mr. Wells's engagement with U. S. Government, the work for 1866 was delayed until too late to secure its preparation, consequently, the present volume embraces two years (1866-1867).

VOLUMES OF THE SAME WORK for years 1850 to 1867 (seventeen vols.), with the likenesses of some distinguished Scientific or Literary men in each.

THE WHOLE SERIES BOUND, in uniform style, with a neat, substantial box, \$30.

* Each volume is distinct in itself, and contains entirely new matter.

GOULD & LINCOLN, Publishers,
59 Washington Street, Boston.

THE NEW PAPER.

THE
NEW YORK EVENING GAZETTE.A LIVELY, CHATTY, ENTERTAINING EVENING
NEWSPAPER

FOR

THE PROFESSIONAL MAN,
 THE BUSINESS MAN,
 THE LADIES,
 THE HOME CIRCLE.

In the first issue of THE GAZETTE we announced our design to create a paper which should defend when necessary and always support Christian purity and integrity, promising, furthermore, to leave with those having a taste for it all trifling or burlesquing of crime, and to exclude from the editorial or advertising columns of THE GAZETTE all matters of an indelicate or immoral tendency. This course, it is believed, has been, as it will continue to be, faithfully pursued. In brief, the publisher of THE GAZETTE is determined that while THE GAZETTE is published under its present auspices

NEW YORK

shall furnish at least one daily newspaper which shall always be a welcome visitor to the home circle. THE GAZETTE will continue, as heretofore, to make note of matters pertaining to

LITERATURE,

ART,

SOCIETY,

FASHION,

Etc., Etc., Etc.,

As also all matters which give interest to or affect the social life or well-being of the intelligent, the thoughtful, and the earnest, making THE EVENING GAZETTE emphatically

—"A map of busy life—
 Its fluctuations and its vast concerns."

THE GAZETTE has now been published nearly three months—time enough for those who read it to get a good idea of its purpose and plan. The three months have been somewhat unfavorable for journalistic enterprises, owing to the general depression of business. The success of the

EVENING

GAZETTE, however, has been so encouraging that we shall enter upon a new quarter with renewed vigor. We have already materially enlarged the business department of the paper, and have arrangements in progress for the gathering of General, Local, and Society News which cannot fail to meet with favor.

In starting THE GAZETTE we felt that there was a newspaper field in New York quite unoccupied. While we do not feel that we have yet fully responded to the vacancy, we surely have already found a very large circle of friends, and are striving day by day to approach nearer to the standard.

We do not purpose making numberless promises as to how the

GAZETTE

shall be conducted. It is sufficient to say that no effort will be spared to increase the attraction of the paper in its several departments and on the basis on which it has so far been conducted.

The continually increasing circulation of THE GAZETTE, the class of readers to whom it appeals, as well as its very favorable terms, commend THE GAZETTE as a

VERY DESIRABLE MEDIUM

FOR

CITY ADVERTISERS.

TERMS:

FOUR EDITIONS OF THE GAZETTE are published every evening (except Sunday). Any edition sent by mail at eight dollars a year or seventy cents a month, payable always in advance. Specimen numbers sent on application.

Persons desiring it can have THE GAZETTE delivered at their places of residence in the city by leaving their address at THE GAZETTE office.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of TEN CENTS PER LINE of space for ordinary advertising. SPECIAL NOTICES, FIFTEEN CENTS per line. Favorable terms with quarterly or yearly advertisers.

Money orders should be made payable to THE GAZETTE.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1 VESEY STREET.

All kinds of Job Printing done at THE EVENING GAZETTE office.

PARIS.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers to THE ROUND TABLE, and others visiting Europe, are informed that that Journal can be as regularly and safely transmitted through the Mails as at home.

The Ocean Postage will in all cases be prepaid at the Office.

As a large number of the regular readers of THE ROUND TABLE will now pass some time in Europe, it is hoped that their interest in the publication will be continued, and that they will take measures to secure its regular reception during their absence.

The Parisian Correspondence of the paper will shortly begin to appear, and, it is hoped, will prove highly interesting and valuable for personal both at home and abroad.

All enquiries, subscriptions, etc., will receive prompt and undeviating attention if addressed to the Office,

132 Nassau Street, New York.

The Rev. Dr. Chapin.—See April No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for Portrait, Character, and Biography. By first post. 20 cents, or \$2 a year. Newsmen have it.

NOW READY,

THE DIAMOND CROSS:

A TALE OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

12mo, cloth, extra bevelled edges, price \$1 75.

"The new serial prize story running through the columns of *The New York Herald*, entitled *The Diamond Cross*, we pronounce superior to any American Novel issued during the last ten years. Mr. Phillips we at once place in line with Cooper, Irving, and other truly distinguished American writers." "While acknowledging the merits of Griffith Gaunt, St. Elmo, and Sunnybank, we at once give preference to *The Diamond Cross*, by W. Barnet Phillips."

HILTON & CO., Publishers,

128 Nassau Street, New York.

BROWN, WATKINS & SHAW,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF STATIONERY,

LITHOGRAPHERS, PRINTERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

128 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

* Prompt attention paid to Orders by Mail.

GEORGE STECK & CO.

Had the unprecedented triumph to be awarded two prizes at once,

THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDAL,

At the Fair of the American Institute, Oct., 1865 (being of the very latest date), for General Superiority of their

GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS.

First premium received over all competition, when and wherever exhibited. Send for Circulars.

WAREROOMS, 141 EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK,
 Between Broadway and Fourth Avenue.

Pictorial Double No.—Prof. Agassiz, the Reverend Drs. Chapin, Sawyer, Osgood, Bellows, Frothingham, Hedge, Collyer, Ryder, Clarke, Emerson, Bartholomew, Ballou, and Hepworth. Also, ex-Gov. Blair and Philo Parsons, of Michigan. Woman's Rights; Shaker Communities and Religion; Aboriginal Legends of North America; Our National Army today; Can we Think of Two Things at Once? Pope's Essay on Man; in April number of PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, now ready. Only 30 cents, or \$3 a year. Newsmen have it. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Eruptions of the Skin, Swollen Glands, etc., etc.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO FAMILIES AND TO THE AFFLICTED GENERALLY.—Scrofula is the base of a great variety of diseases, the cure of which is certain by using the STRUMATIC SALTS for bathing purposes, prepared by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company, and possessing exactly the same virtues as the celebrated Kreuznach Springs (Prussia), whence, on a yearly average of eight thousand patients seeking relief from their different afflictions, not one ever returns without a perfect cure. For all the above diseases take Strumatic baths, which will cure you without fail.

For sale at all the principal druggists.

PH. EPPELSHEIMER, Agent,
 56 Cedar Street.

**Penn. Salt Manufacturing Company's
 Saponifier.**

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP, AND SAVE SIXTY PER CENT.

There is no article known producing such excellent and cheap soap as this SAPONIFIER. In saving your waste grease, and using the same according to directions around each box, you obtain, with very little trouble and in a very short time, splendid soap, that will cost you 2c. per lb.; and if you buy the grease, it will come only to 6c. or 7c. per lb.

For sale at all the principal grocers' druggists, and general dealers.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS
OF
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NEW AMERICA.

By Wm. Hepworth Dixon, editor of *The Athenæum*, and author of *The Holy Land*, *William Penn*, etc. With illustrations from Original Photographs. Complete in 1 vol. crown octavo, printed on tinted paper, extra cloth, price \$2 75.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REVIEWS OF THE PRESS.

"... The instalment already perused gives abundant assurance that we shall possess in its pages a book of uncommon spirit and variety and one so fraught with instruction as well as amusement as to be eagerly sought and appreciated by all thinking Americans."—*The Round Table*.

"... The accounts of all his strange acquaintances, the free-lovers of Oneida, the Shaker monks and nuns, the Tucker celibates, are equally full of interest and information. We think we have indicated very fairly by our extracts the value of Mr. Dixon's book, and as for the interesting nature of the facts which he has collected, we might transfer half his pages to our columns and exhaust his store of what in our opinion is extremely interesting."—*The Nation*.

"... South he seems to have let no opportunity pass for observation, and his work may therefore be described as a description of American scenery and society. The information the book contains, however, would be of great value without its other excellences."—*Pittsburg*.

"... Dixon has written thoughtfully and well, and we can recall no book on American travel which dwells so fully on these vexed subjects."—*London Times*.

Heaven and Hell. Heaven and its Wonders, and Hell from Things Heard and Seen. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Printed on toned paper, extra cloth, demi 8vo, price \$2 50.

Globe Edition of Scott's Poetical Works. The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, with a Biographical and Critical Memoir by Francis Turner Palgrave, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Square 12mo, price, cloth, \$2; cloth, extra gilt top, \$2 25; half turkey, gilt top, \$3 50; half calf, gilt extra, \$4; full Roxburgh turkey, gilt extra, \$6.

Life and Works of Josiah Wedgwood. [From his Private Correspondence and Family Papers; with an Introductory Sketch of the Art of Pottery in England. By Eliza Meteyard. With numerous illustrations. Printed on superfine paper, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth extra.

Robert Severne: His Friends and His Enemies. A Novel. By William A. Hammond. 12mo, extra cloth, price \$1 75.

Lives of Boulton and Watt. Principally from the Original Soho MSS. Comprising also a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Steam Engine. By Samuel Smiles, author of *Lives of the Engineers*, *Self-Help*, *Industrial Biography*, etc. With a Portrait of Watt and Boulton, and numerous other illustrations. Printed on fine toned paper, 1 vol. royal 8vo, strong cloth, price \$10.

The Last Days of our Saviour. For Passion Week. The Life of Our Lord, from the Supper in Bethany to His Ascension into Heaven, in Chronological Order, and in the Words of the Evangelists. Arranged by Charles D. Cooper, Rector of St. Philip's Church, Philadelphia. A neat 16mo, bound in cloth, with side stamp, price \$1.

True Protestant Ritualism. Being a review of a book entitled *The Law of Ritualism*. By the Rev. Charles H. Hall, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C.

Manual of Elementary Logic. Designed especially for the use of Teachers and Learners. By Lyman H. Atwater, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the College of New Jersey. Small 12mo, cloth, price \$1 50.

Up and Down the London Streets. By Mark Lemon. With numerous illustrations. 1 vol. royal 8vo, cloth, price \$5.

On Inhalations in the Treatment of Diseases of the Respiratory Passages. By J. M. Da Costa, M.D. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, price \$1 25.

Terra Mariæ; or, Threads of Maryland Colonial History. By Edward D. Neill, one of the Secretaries of the President of the United States. 12mo, cloth.

* For sale by Booksellers generally, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

SUMMARY OF BUSINESS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 31, 1867:

Net Assets, Feb. 1, 1866. \$14,112,319 85

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR:

Premiums. \$5,145,550 18

Interest and rent. 1,071,485 70—\$6,217,035 88

\$20,329,355 73

DISBURSEMENTS:

Matured Endowments and Claims by Death. \$774,906 67

Dividends paid in cash, or used as cash in payment of Premiums. 667,790 73

Paid for Annuities and Surrendered Policies. 166,509 23

Paid for Commissions. 258,491 39

Paid for Purchase of Future Commissions, Exchange, Postage, Advertising, Taxes, and Medical Fees. 593,314 24

Paid for Salaries, Printing, Stationery, Sundry Office and Law Expenses, Rent, etc. 228,926 51—\$2,690,088 76

NET CASH ASSETS. \$17,639,296 97

INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Cash in Bank and Trust Companies. \$1,547,450 07

Bonds and Mortgages. 10,097,309 60

United States Stocks. 5,003,108 73

Real Estate. 937,711 98

Due from Agents. 53,716 57

\$17,639,296 97

ADD:

Accrued Interest. \$157,463 75

Market Value of Stocks in excess of Cost. 301,795 00

Premiums deferred or in course of transmission. 1,212,811 69

\$1,672,070 44

GROSS ASSETS, FEB. 1st, 1867. \$19,311,367 41

INCREASE IN NET ASSETS FOR THE YEAR. \$3,526,947 12

From the Undivided Surplus (\$2,795,478 63) a dividend has been declared to policy-holders, available on the anniversaries of the dates of issue in the present year.

Policies issued (including those restored) during the year 15,672, ensuring \$54,875,430 00

In force, February 1, 1867, 38,638 Policies, ensuring \$146,903,733 61

The Company issues Policies upon the ordinary Life Plan, Endowment Policies payable at any age not less than ten years from the date of same, Survivorship Annuities, and Children's Endowments.

Premiums may be in one, five, ten, or more payments, as may be preferred.

Policies of any description may be made payable to survivors or beneficiaries in annual instalments, running through a period of twenty years or less, with Yearly Dividends of Interest, thus avoiding the risk and care of investments.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, WILLIAM H. POPHAM,

JOHN V. L. PRUYN, WILLIAM A. HAINES,

WILLIAM MOORE, EZRA WHEELER,

ROBERT H. MCCURDY, SEYMOUR L. HUSTED,

ISAAC GREEN PEARSON, SAMUEL D. BABCOCK,

MARTIN BATES, DAVID HOADLEY,

WILLIAM BETTS, HENRY A. SMYTHE,

JOHN WADSWORTH, WILLIAM V. BRADY,

ALFRED EDWARDS, WM. E. DODGE,

OLIVER H. PALMER, GEORGE S. COE,

SAMUEL E. SPROULLS, WM. K. STRONG,

SAMUEL M. CORNELL, WM. M. VERMILYE,

LUCIUS ROBINSON, JOHN E. DEVELIN,

WELLINGTON CLAPP, ALONZO CHILD,

W. SMITH BROWN, FRANCIS SKIDDY,

RICHARD PATRICK, HENRY E. DAVIES,

ALEX. W. BRADFORD, RICHARD A. MCCURDY, Vice-President.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.

ISAAC ABBATT, Secretaries.

JOHN M. STUART, WILLIAM BETTS, LL.D.,

HON. LUCIUS ROBINSON, } Counsel.

HON. A. W. BRADFORD, } Medical Examiners.

MINTURN POST, M.D., } Medical Examiners.

ISAAC L. KIP, M.D., } Medical Examiners.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
LONDON,

AND

416 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED A NEW WORK BY EDWARD SPENCER, ENTITLED

GERMANY FROM THE BALTIC TO THE ADRIATIC;

OR,

PRUSSIA, AUSTRIA, AND VENETIA, WITH REFERENCE TO THE LATE WAR.

By CAPTAIN SPENCER, author of *Sketches of Germany and the Germans*, etc., etc., and containing Portraits of the King of Prussia, Emperor of Austria, King of Italy, and many of the most celebrated Officers in the late War. 8vo, cloth, price \$3.

A NEW AND CHEAP EDITION OF

Cruden's Concordance to the Old and New Testaments. Edited by the Rev. C. S. Carey. Post 8vo, cloth, price \$1 75.

The Blackfriars Shakspeare. Edited by Charles Knight. Complete in one volume. Printed by Clowes & Son on toned paper, post 8vo, cloth, 1,073 pages, price \$1; half calf, \$3 50; tree calf, gilt edges, \$6.

Half Hours with the Best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers: forming a Collection of Memoirs and Anecdotes of Eminent Persons. By Charles Knight, editor of *Half Hours with the Best Authors*, etc. 8vo, cloth, \$3; half calf, \$4 50.

THE NEW EDITION OF

Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare, thoroughly revised and re-edited by the original projector and publisher, Mr. Charles Knight. Printed by Clay on fine tinted paper, with upwards of 1,000 beautiful illustrations from the original wood-block. 8 vols. royal 8vo, cloth, \$40; half calf, \$60; tree calf, gilt edges, \$75; full morocco, \$100.

The Shakespeare Gallery. A reproduction in commemoration of the Tercentenary Celebration of the Poet's Birth, in a series of beautiful Photographs reproduced from Boydell's Shakespeare. Small 4to, vellum cloth, gilt edges, \$10.

The Works of Laurence Sterne; Containing the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy; a Sentimental Tour through France and Italy; Sermons, Letters etc., with a Life of the Author, written by himself. 8vo, cloth, \$2.

Lane's Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Illustrated with many hundred engravings on wood, from designs by William Harvey, on toned paper, 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$15; half calf, \$30.

The Pictorial Gallery of English Racehorses: Portraits of all the Winners of the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger Stakes, from 1831 to 1850, and a History of the Principal Operations of the Turf.

Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry: with explanatory notes, etc., etc., and many engravings by Harvey, Gilbert, Philz, Franklin, and others. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$6.

Correspondence of Charles, First Marquis Cornwallis. Edited with Notes by Charles H. Ross Esq. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$9.

The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography. Memoirs of Distinguished Men of all Ages and Nations, by Writers of Eminence in the various branches of Literature, Science, and Art. Conducted by Professors Eadie, Rankine, Lankester, Bowen, and John Francis Walker, editor. Illustrated with numerous fine steel portraits. 6 vols. imperial 8vo, cloth, \$50.

Froissart's Chronicles of England, France, Spain, and the Adjoining Countries. A new edition from the Text of Colonel Johnes, with Notes, a Life of the Author, etc., etc., illustrated with 120 engravings. 2 vols. royal 8vo, cloth, \$12.

Monstrelet's Chronicles, commencing at the year 1400 where that of Sir John Froissart finishes, and continued by others to the year 1516, with many illustrations. 2 vols. royal 8vo, cloth, \$9.

Routledge's Guide to London and its Suburbs; comprising Descriptions of all its points of Interest. By G. F. Pardon. A new edition revised and improved, with Illustrations, a Map, and Index. 16mo, cloth boards, 50 cents.